

The Roman Question.

THE English-speaking nations of the world, however different in some respects one from the other, are remarkable for their strongly-developed love of liberty and of justice. There may be exceptions here and there in which self-interest or prejudice obscures the judgment or perverts the will. Sectarian bigotry or the pride of power may for a time distort the natural instincts of the dominant faction in a community, and give rise to acts of oppression and a policy of injustice. But allowing for some inevitable drawbacks to the universality of the law, we may say that there prevails in general in the races of which we speak a hatred of tyranny and a love of fair dealing, which may be trusted in the long run to place their possessors on the right side of any moral, social, or political question that may present itself for their consideration.

This double instinct has a double effect. It makes men strong to recognize on the one hand the claims of lawful authority, and on the other the claims of the individual to freedom. The two tendencies are not in any way opposed to each other—a free people is sure to be a law-abiding people, and a law-abiding people has within it the most essential constituent of true liberty.

For this reason we might fairly expect of our fellow-countrymen in general, even of our non-Catholic fellow-countrymen, an unbiassed judgment respecting the importance of the Temporal Sovereignty of the Pope. Educated Protestants, unless they happen to be entangled in the meshes of Freemasonry or anti-Catholic bigotry, are very ready to listen to reason on the subject of the Holy Father. When they denounce the government of the Pope over Rome and the territory around, it is either because they are quite ignorant of the facts, or take the distorted view of them which induced Mr. Gladstone to appear

as the champion of Garibaldi and the Revolution, and which still induces him to declare himself against the lawful rule of the Holy Father over his temporal dominions.

But in spite of their sincere desire to judge the question dispassionately, there still prevail among most Protestants as well as among some Catholics certain false notions respecting the position of the Holy Father which it is of importance to dissipate. Even those who are thoroughly loyal are sometimes puzzled to answer the objections to Papal rule brought on the score of the claims of Italians to self-government, and on their legitimate aspirations to national unity. The love of liberty and hatred of any sort of tyranny engender a natural bias towards the notion that the Italians should be left free to choose their own sovereign, and perhaps there still lurks in the robust mind of many a pious Catholic a wholesome dread of secret tribunals and Inquisitorial methods of government, and a fancy that these existed under Papal sway until swept away by a healthy public opinion now happily reigning in their stead. Even those who do not harbour these phantoms of the past imagine that the progress of civilization in Italy was hampered by the ecclesiastical system of Papal rule, and console themselves for the violence and injustice of Italian invasion by the idea that, now that the change is made, it is better to forget the way in which it was made, and to rejoice in the excellence of its accomplished results.

But the theory of the excellent results to be achieved by Italian unity with Rome as Capital has been rudely shaken of late. Travellers who are men of cultivation and taste have shuddered at the barbarous destruction of the time-honoured relics of the past that has taken place in the course of the reconstruction of modern Rome. The vulgar pretentious buildings that deface the Forum and the Corso; the cheap houses built by contract, the Government offices and barracks which either occupy the sites of venerable churches and religious houses now demolished, or are adapting to their own uses the very convents themselves, are signs of a progress which is not an advance towards higher things and of a civilization which is distinctly retrograde. All this, moreover, is but the outward manifestation of the spirit that reigns in the present occupants of the city. Reckless expenditure has pushed taxation to its extremest limits, and the people groan under the burden laid upon them. The public debt increases with a speed which must soon bring national

bankruptcy. In the words of one who would fain, if it were possible, see under a favourable light the present condition of Italy,

Financial excesses have already brought about a premature decrepitude. In peace Italy already totters under a taxation truly afflictive. She has to lament the prevalence among her people of grinding though not universal distress. The inexorable figures of her public accounts demonstrate that all the resources, commonly husbanded for the extreme contingencies of war, have been already dissipated amidst the serenity of perfect peace!¹

Italy, moreover, is armed to the teeth. Eight hundred thousand men are continually under arms. Men-of-war costing near a million sterling each float in Italian harbours. Italy is joined with Germany and Austria in the Triple Alliance. All this is in the opinion of the same writer (whom we quote the more confidently because he is the avowed enemy of Vaticanism and of Papal rule), "the harbinger of downfall or of woe."

But all this is only an indirect result of the aspect of United Italy with which we are now concerned. Our object rather is to lay before the readers of *THE MONTH* a clear and plain statement of the present aspect of Italian affairs, in view of the position of the Holy Father, and the prospects of his regaining sooner or later the temporal power that was violently wrested from him by sacrilegious hands some twenty years since. The subject is one that is always of interest, and more especially now. In the dark horizon, amid the rumours of wars long threatened and which must come at last, in a condition of affairs where the position of the Holy Father seems to be a matter which statesmen scarcely deign to take into consideration in European affairs; with the glaring insult of the public unveiling of Giordano Bruno in the face of the Vatican still fresh in our memories, there is nevertheless a sure ground of hope, natural as well as supernatural. Our present task is to review the position, to estimate as well as we can the attitude that as loyal Catholics we are bound to maintain, and at the same time to consider whether a United Italy and the aspirations of Italian patriotism are really opposed to the temporal government of the Holy Father and to the bestowal on him of his true position as the Independent Sovereign of Rome and the territory adjacent to it.

¹ *Contemporary Review*, October, 1889, "The Triple Alliance," pp. 484, 485.

No one denies that a reconciliation is desired both by the Holy Father and, on the side of Italy, at least by the *sanior pars populi*. The strife between Church and State is one that must always be a subject of bitter regret to the Pope. He is bound by the very principles on which his authority rests to desire that between the two there should be peace and concord, not enmity and war. The innumerable evils, the ruin to many souls, the dangers to which Catholics in Italy are exposed by the apparently hostile claims of the spiritual and the civil power, the hindrances presented by the present condition of affairs on his own free action, make it imperative on the Holy Father to long for peace, to say nothing of his natural desire to be freed from his present captivity. The discord between the Pope and the Italian Government is a worm gnawing continually at the root of the new kingdom, and even the Liberals are conscious that Italy can never have a definitively assured position until it is settled.¹ The author hostile to the Papacy, whom we have quoted above, knows well that his friends in Italy have to reckon with a domestic foe whose presence will render impossible any permanent settlement, and though his destructive tendencies will not allow him to propose a reconciliation, he is sufficiently aware of the fact that Italy is at the present moment in the perilous position of a kingdom divided against itself.

Italy carries folded in her own bosom a foe sufficiently formidable to make even such lessons of prudence, as might be optional for others, imperative upon her. Every enemy of Italy will know that she has to reckon a part of her population, doubtless a minor, but still a considerable and somewhat powerful part, who are the Pope's men first, and the King's men afterwards; and that he can negotiate with a great personage seated in the Vatican, who has the disposal of the hearts, and at the critical time, perhaps, also of the hands, of what may prove to be a respectable fraction of Italians.²

For both Italy and the Pope then the desirability of a reconciliation is admitted. The only difficulty is as to the terms on which it is to be brought about. The question of etiquette respecting the party who should first make proposals of peace,

¹ "Il dissidio tra l'Italia legale ed il Papato è un tarlo che va continuamente rodendo il nuovo Regno, e però si riguarda la cessazione di questo dissidio come un compimento necessario al suo assetto definitivo." (*La Verità intorno alla Questione Romana*, pp. 5, 6, a recent pamphlet from which the present article derives many of its arguments and facts.)

² *Contemporary Review*, p. 486.

is not one that would be a very serious obstacle. But between the Italian Government and the Pope there is an irreconcilable divergence of opinion as to the basis of settlement. The Italian Government take their stand upon the present condition of things. They will not hear of any act of reconciliation unless the Holy Father accepts accomplished facts and throws himself into the arms, or rather at the feet, of the King of Italy, as the faithful subject of his lawful master and sovereign. Will they be true to their supposed principles and acknowledge his independence, if a majority of the Italian people declare it their wish that he should be restored to his true and lawful position?

To answer this question, let us see how the Government acted when an attempt was made to lay before the Parliament an expression of the wish of the Italian nation on the subject. Towards the end of 1887, and in the beginning of 1888, a petition was framed and addressed to the Parliament, bringing forward the words uttered by Leo the Thirteenth in an allocution of May 23, 1887, in which the Holy Father of his own accord expressed his desire for peace and reconciliation with Italy, and urging upon the legislative body that his proposals should be listened to, and that to the august Head of the Catholic Church there should be restored the liberty and independence necessary for the exercise of his power. To this petition signatures were invited of all citizens who possessed a vote in the election of members of the legislative body.

At first the Government took no notice of these proceedings, thinking that Italian Catholics were too timid or too inert to make the list of signatures a formidable one. But before long the number of electors who signed the petition amounted to over half a million. The Government took alarm, and resolved to interfere. It set in motion all those means of influence which foreign Governments possess to an extent altogether unknown in northern lands, for among ourselves any such official interference with the rights of the citizens would be justly resented and would prove ruinous to those in power. It directed all the State functionaries to take means to discourage and to suppress the petition. Several syndics, magistrates, and other Government employés, who had signed it, were dismissed as a warning to others; simple citizens were warned and threatened. All this was done so openly that Cardinal Rampolla described the acts of the Government in

suppressing the petition as acts of violence and real persecution, and no attempt was made on the part of the authorities to disprove the statements he brought forward.

The true reason of this determination to put down any expression of the will of the people in behalf of a reconciliation is that the faction that is dominant in the Italian Government does not really desire to see such a reconciliation effected. They will not have peace at any terms except such as they know to be incompatible with the liberty of the Church. Even if the Pope were willing to accept the present position and to remain in Rome as the subject of the King of Italy, his acceptance would not bring about any sort of permanent settlement. The Liberals, who are the moving power of Italian politics, would not be satisfied to see him remain in the Vatican even in dependence and subjection to the civil power. Their object, and their professed object, is the destruction of the Papacy. The watchword of United Italy is not the end but the means. The end is to destroy the Church and to set up the Revolution in its stead. No one can suppose that those who esteem Giordano Bruno as a hero would be satisfied with anything short of the ruin of Catholicity. Their desire is (and many of them openly acknowledge it) to bring back a state of society of which the ideal is pagan and not Christian, in which godless education is to hold sway and the Catholic Church persecuted and suppressed. To make peace with these anti-Christian fanatics is simply impossible. You cannot make peace with a murderer whose one object is to take your life.

It is these men who at present dominate in the councils of Italy: as long as they do so, any proposal for reconciliation must of necessity fall to the ground. Hence the only course open to the Holy Father is to renew from time to time his vigorous protests against the usurpation which has robbed him of his dominions and reduced him to his present position of dependence and subserviency to the civil power.

What he demands and will continue to demand as the only possible conditions of reconciliation with Italy until it shall please God to listen to the prayers of the Church in her behalf, is not the restoration of all that of right belongs to him, but only *such a temporal sovereignty as shall be sufficient to guarantee his real and manifest independence*. He has never exactly defined how much or how little of actual territorial dominion is necessary for this end. The general sentiment of

Catholics demands for him the city of Rome, and such an amount of the surrounding country as shall be sufficient to make it manifest to the world that he has perfect freedom of action and a complete independence of any civil power or Government. This alone can satisfy Catholic sentiment: we will now inquire what prospect there is of its coming to pass.

If we look upon the Holy Father merely as a petty sovereign whose dominions have been unjustly absorbed by a powerful neighbour, we should quite allow that in all human probability he would never regain them. Many Protestants, but not the most intelligent portion of them, tell us from time to time the days of the Papacy are numbered. But is this a reasonable forecast, looking at things from a purely human point of view, as any non-Catholic might do?

The existing condition of things is one that is a source of continual annoyance, anger, indignation, and inconvenience to a society embracing nearly three hundred millions of the human race. This society comprises either the whole or a notable part of almost every civilized nation on the face of the earth. Every member of it is ready to use any means in his power to put an end to the present condition of affairs at Rome. His interest in the society is one far deeper and more permanent than the interest felt by any member of a civil government or of any earthly association in the body to which he belongs. This society has necessarily a moral force which is insuperable. It has already outlasted every sort of kingdom in the world. It has seen empires rise and fall, while it remains unbroken in its solid and harmonious consistency. Every other combination of human beings is but a thing of yesterday compared with the Catholic Church. Every other combination is but a handful of individuals compared with its vast and unbroken phalanx. Whatever forces exist in the world are utterly feeble as compared with it, when it puts forth its full human strength. Looking at the matter merely as a resultant of a number of mechanical forces, it must by its own weight thrust aside all the rest and finally prevail.

Is this society weaker at the present day than in the past? Certainly not in its numbers, which go on increasing and gathering strength not only in themselves, but in comparison with any other world-wide society which professes to have similar aims with it. Certainly not in its internal unity, for its members were never more closely knit together. The external

attacks made upon it have made more perfect the harmony within, and the assaults upon its head and leader have only strengthened the loyalty of all its members. It has, moreover, thrown off from time to time those whose fidelity faded away gradually and at last was changed into some open act of rebellion. It has thrown them off as the serpent throws off the withered skin that encumbered it, and emerges fresher and more agile than before, or as the tree shakes off the sere and yellow leaves that have lost their freshness and life. Is it weaker in the intelligence and vigour of the nations most prominent in its ranks? On the contrary, it is making progress above all in those countries that promise to be the leaders of civilization in the time to come. In America, this society is advancing and strengthening its organization in a way that promises to give to it hereafter powerful auxiliaries such as it never had before. In Australia and New Zealand, it marches onward in all the fresh strength and vigour of a young and enterprising nation. Even in Europe it is gaining ground rather than receding, and, though its enemies glory in the insolence of a transient authority, yet the very oppression it suffers does but add fresh loyalty to those who have remained faithful to it. To suppose that such a society can be defeated in its legitimate demands by a parvenu monarchy and a mere handful of revolutionaries is contrary to the primary laws of the universe. You might as well expect a regiment of soldiers, or rather an army of veterans, to be defeated by a gang of banditti.

But this final result, however certain, may not come for many long years. This powerful society, which must ultimately prevail, exerts its power but slowly. All who belong to it are not so active as they ought to be in the cause. It is like a giant who has a certain lethargy in some of his members. It is, moreover, a society whose members are scattered over all the world, and many of them are removed by an insuperable distance from the scene of action where their monarch is suffering at the hands of his enemies and theirs. They have, too, other interests, more immediate though indefinitely less important than their interests as members of the universal society in which they are gathered. Yet the process which will enable them to attain the restoration of the rights of their Supreme Head is as sure as it is slow, and every loyal Catholic contributes his quota to the force that will reinstate the Pope on his temporal throne.

The present state of things has indeed lasted long. It may be asked why it should not become the permanent condition of Christendom? If the Church has suffered no serious injury during the last twenty years from the present position of the Pope, why should it be considered by Catholics as intolerable? Some would have us believe that it may go on indefinitely. Twenty years (they say) is time enough to give a fair opportunity of judging of the working of a system. If loyalty to the Pope is now more deeply-rooted than ever in the hearts of his subjects, why such unwillingness that the system should continue? And, if it be said that twenty years is not a time sufficiently long to enable us to judge, we have only to look back to early ages, before the Temporal Power was heard of. Were those ages unfavourable to the Church's cause? Were they not really the time when she advanced with most rapid steps, and was animated by a spirit of fervour and devotion that soon diminished when the Pope sat on the Throne of the Cæsars? If there is cause for complaint now, it is (say these so-called advocates of peace) because of his hostile attitude to the Italian Government. If he were to lay aside his continual protests and appeals (whether just or unjust does not really affect the present question) and were to join hands with Italy in friendly reconciliation, the state of things thus attained would at least not be worse than it is now, nay, it would be greatly to the interest of His Holiness to meet the Italian Government half-way, and by accepting the Unity of Italy and the consequences that follow from it as an accomplished fact to gain their goodwill and friendship. Even though the occupation of Rome would still continue, and the Quirinal be the seat of the Civil Monarchy, yet as an honoured guest in Rome the Pope would surely have a greater freedom of action, than as a self-constituted prisoner continually at war with those who are more powerful than himself.

This proposal, though plausible enough in appearance, will not bear a closer examination.

Those who argue thus forget in the first place that if the Holy Father has been able to maintain the attitude of dignity necessary to his influence over the Catholics of the world during the last twenty years, it has been simply because of his continual protests and unceasing declarations that never would he for any consideration accept his present enforced condition of dependence in his own city. The moment that he held out

his hand to the Italian Government, his standing-ground would be cut from under his feet. As the prisoner of the Vatican, as the victim of unjust spoliation, as one who is deprived by a superior material force of his just claims, he exhibits a moral strength proportionate to his material weakness, and it is this moral strength which, viewing the matter under a natural aspect, enables him to rule the Catholic world. But suppose him not only in his present position of dependence but acquiescing in it, suppose him the subject and the willing subject of the Italian power, suppose him a docile servant of the State, and the position assigned him by the Founder of Christianity would indeed be gone and gone for ever. Let us put the impossible case and suppose that the Holy Father had accepted a compromise and was satisfied with guarantees on the part of the civil power and with promises that he should have perfect freedom as an ecclesiastical potentate. Let us suppose him consenting to accept the united pledge of all the Governments of Europe, that he should be perfectly free to act as he chose in his spiritual capacity as Head of the Church, without fear of any interference on the part of the civil government of the country of which he was the subject. What would be the consequences of such an arrangement?

In order to govern a perfect society aright, it is necessary that its supreme ruler should be free from any influence external to that society. So long as he is the subject of any other ruler he necessarily sets aside the real or apparent interests of his own society from time to time in favour of the ruler of whom he is the subject. If the interests of the two societies come into conflict, as they must of necessity sometimes do, there will be a struggle between the two rulers, and he who acknowledges himself subject of another ruler in any capacity will have to waive the rights of his own society in favour of that other society of which he is a subordinate member.

Now Church and State are two such societies. It is impossible so to separate the civil and ecclesiastical domain that the ruler of each shall be entirely independent of the other. All the experience of mankind is against it. They are indeed co-ordinate powers, each independent of the other in its own sphere. But their spheres intersect, and there lies between the two a large disputed ground. In practice the entire separation

of the two spheres is impossible. That Pope should obey King in all things temporal, and King obey Pope in all things spiritual is no basis for a permanent settlement. When a debateable question arises, who is to gain the day? Is the spiritual power or the temporal to be the final court of appeal? If the spiritual, well and good; but by the concession the civil ruler forfeits his claim to be supreme, and the Pope is acknowledged the superior even in matters which the King regards as belonging to his own prerogative. But in point of fact in all such matters it is the material force residing in the temporal monarch which will be supreme. He cannot indeed force the conscience, but he can control external action, and will be quite sure to do so in all matters which he considers to lie exclusively within his own domain.

Under such circumstances who would venture to say that the Holy Father would enjoy perfect freedom of action? If he stood firm against all the many influences brought to bear upon him, he would soon find himself exposed to civil pains and penalties, to the loss of his liberty, to hardships and inconveniences without number. Popes, moreover, are but human, and liable to be influenced by the same motives and considerations as other men. God has never promised to ensure their measures against the corrupting influence of a civil power; and if we suppose the case of a Pope who had accepted the false and unlawful position of a willing subject to the State, we should soon see his policy warped and distorted by his relations to his sovereign master the head of the civil government, and the system of government of the Church accommodated to the wishes of the temporal ruler, even though he be among the bitter enemies of the Church—Protestant, or Freemason, or Garibaldian, or Atheist.

What confidence could Catholics have in Papal Rescripts or Papal Bulls issued under such circumstances? We are supposing, it is true, a state of things which is impossible, but it is the state of things which is contemplated by those who advocate a reconciliation with Italy. Who would trust a Pope that was not free? Who would turn to him with that perfect confidence with which all nations of the earth can appeal to one who is the subject of no earthly monarch? Even in present circumstances, we hear of the supposed influence at the Vatican of the emissaries of this or that power. What would it be if the Pope were the subject of any of the European powers? Let

us hear what an enemy of the Pontifical Government has to say on the question. Gueronnière writes as follows in *Le Pape et le Congrès*:

The Catholic doctrine and political reasons are at one in asserting the necessity of the Pope's temporal dominion. Under a political aspect, it is necessary that the Head of two hundred millions of Catholics should not be subject to any one or be placed in the power of any. If the Pope were not an independent sovereign, he would be a Frenchman, an Austrian, a Spaniard, or an Italian. This national designation would obscure his character of his Universal Priesthood.¹

These inconveniences and objections would be multiplied a thousand-fold when we suppose the Pope subject to a Government of which both the principles and practices are opposed to Catholic teaching. In former ages, when the Holy Father left Rome for some Catholic country, and dwelt in the midst of a society full of respect and deference for the Church, it was found that the effects of his political subordination to a temporal ruler were simply intolerable. How much more would this be the case in such an atmosphere as that which prevails in the Italian Parliament and among Signor Crispi and his colleagues in authority?

But these arguments, which were equally of force when first an invasion of Italian territory and the seizure of Rome placed the Holy Father in a position of subordination to the temporal power, have during the last few years gathered fresh strength from the actual course of events. Fifteen years since, in the early days of the so-called guarantees, the Italian Government was on its best behaviour, and made every exertion to show that the Holy Father was really safe and really free, and that the presence of a powerful Government, so far from lessening his authority, would be an actual safeguard which would protect him from insult and uphold his dignity as Supreme Head of the Catholic Church.

Since then revolutionary principles have gradually done their work, in spite of the desire of the King of Italy to keep a good face on his sacrilegious usurpation of Rome. Each year has exposed the Holy Father to greater insult and to greater peril. The impotency of the Government to curb the Revolution, or to prevent the development of the principles on which it is founded, has been more and more apparent, and not

¹ La Gueronnière, *Le Pape et le Congrès*. Paris, 1860.

only its impotency, but its unwillingness to do so, nay, its sympathy with the anti-Papal party and with those who would set up the Goddess of Reason and the religion of Humanity in the place of Christ and of Christianity. The deliberate outrage inflicted on the Catholic Church and its Supreme Head in the honours paid to the memory of an apostate and a freethinker, a man of anti-Christian principles, and of an immoral life, was not only permitted, but encouraged by those in power. The anti-clerical declaration of Italian Ministers and their supporters in the Italian Parliament have been explicit enough,¹ and the cruel and persecuting measures recently directed against the Italian clergy, are but a foretaste of worse things to come. Under one aspect these attacks on the Church are rather a matter of rejoicing than of regret. They make it manifest to all the world that the protests of the Holy Father are not the disappointed expression of indignation of one who merely regrets the power that he has lost. They prove them to be the just appeal of one who has a right to speak against a state of things which events are proving to be a violent and impossible one, and one which becomes more violent and impossible as the hatred of God and of His Church breaks through the thin veils with which the Italian Government attempted at first to cloak it.

It still remains to say a few words about national aspirations and a United Italy. The present aspect of "United Italy" is certainly one that scarcely fulfils the aspirations of one who is a lover of his country. Excessive taxation, national indebtedness to the very verge of bankruptcy, and that in time of peace, the decadence of virtue, and the systematic persecution of religion, are not matters of congratulation to those who love their country. If United Italy is to be bought at such a cost as this, far better a divided Italy for ever.

But is the union of Italy under a King ruling at Rome the only means of bringing about the desired end? Most certainly not. Indeed, if what we have already said is true, it is the certain means of destroying any prospect of a permanent

¹ Thus Signor Crispi declared many years ago: "We must overthrow the Catholic Church"—(*Bisogna atterrare il Cattolicesimo*), and Signor Caivoli: "The Catechism is an immoral book which should be banished from our homes." Signor Piccolomini declared the Church to be the "negation of humanity" (*Atti Ufficiali*, 1864, p. 5490, &c.), and Andreotti exclaimed openly in the Italian Parliament in 1867: "We have need of a revolution made in the name of all other religions against the Catholic Church." (*Atti Ufficiali*, p. 1186.)

settlement of Italy. A violent state of things can never last. For a time all seems promising, and the internal contradictions and the various sources of weakness and of decay do not manifest themselves. But ere long they bring about the ruin that wise men have long foreseen. The subjection of the Holy Father is essentially a violent state of things, and one the duration of which from the nature of things cannot possibly last. To attempt to bring about a United Italy by measures which are in themselves self-destructive, is the greatest possible folly.

Are there any other means of satisfying the just aspirations of the Italian people, and of uniting Italy under one head? Most certainly there are. Look at Germany and the United States of America. There we see many states confederated into a centre of unity without the different peoples which comprise the whole losing their individuality or independence. The union gives to the various parts the force of the united whole, while the separate parts retain their own activity and their own life. Why should not the same kind of union be brought about in Italy? If the different states had each its own government under the presidency or suzerainty of the Holy Father, Italy would enjoy a unity that would satisfy all the desires of her people. There need be no practical interference of the central states with the various countries or provinces that gather around it. The ecclesiastical government which is supposed to be ill-fitted for any wide dominion, need not extend beyond Rome and a very limited territory around it. All the component parts of the confederation would be practically independent, and would at the same time derive strength as well as dignity from having as their President the spiritual ruler of near three hundred million subjects. Such a union would in any case have elements of stability which cannot possibly exist in the kingdom of Italy, which even in these its early days exhibits the senile decay of age side by side with the showy pride of its boastful and intemperate youth.

Yet after all is not the talk about a United Italy rather a matter of fair-sounding phrases than the expression of a really existing and legitimate national sentiment? Does it bring with it any solid advantage? Here we have the official utterances of Leo the Thirteenth to fall back upon. In a letter to Cardinal Rampolla of June 15, 1887, he uses the following language:

We ask if this condition of unity constitutes for a nation a good so absolute and indispensable that in its absence it cannot enjoy either prosperity or greatness. The existence of nations most flourishing, powerful, and glorious, which had not and have not any sort of unity, answers the question for us. We have, moreover, the same answer given by natural reason, which recognizes the need of giving the first place to considerations of justice, since this is the first foundation of the happiness and permanence of States, especially when it is bound up, as is the present case, with the highest interests of the Church.

But we have already remarked that it is not really any question of the unity of Italy that really prevents the settlement of the Italian question. The unity of Italy is but a convenient stalking-horse behind which hatred of the Pope and of the Church seeks to conceal itself. The party that rules Italy is primarily not a political party at all, but an anti-religious party. They are but a branch of the secret society in which are banded the dominant faction of Italy, France, and Germany. To banish religion from the schools, to train up the young in the hatred of priests and of religion, to sweep away as far as is possible crucifixes, Madonnas, statues of the saints, to persecute the clergy, to banish religious—such is their real aim, or rather, such are the means by which they are carrying on their internecine war against Jesus Christ and the religion He has founded. It is not the temporal ruler of the Papal States at whom they strike, it is at the spiritual ruler of the world, to whom they know well enough that the temporal dominion is a necessity for the free exercise of his spiritual power. To this all else is to be sacrificed, and their fair-sounding watchwords are but empty phrases which really mean, "We hate God, we hate Christ, and therefore we hate the Vicar of Christ, and desire by any means in our power to destroy his influence and lessen his authority!"

Will they prevail? Even on natural grounds through God's mercy we may safely conclude that the triumph of the Papacy is as certain, far more certain, than the dawn of to-morrow's light. But when we pass from the natural to the supernatural, then our certainty becomes a certainty of a far higher order. We can declare with the same assurance with which we profess our faith in Jesus Christ, that the gates of Hell will never prevail against His Church. Whether the delay be for a short time or for long years, the triumph of the Holy Father must come at last. He must ultimately be victorious over all his foes.

Already the Popes have been driven out of Rome one hundred and seventy times, and one hundred and seventy times they have returned in triumph and shaken themselves free of the sacrilegious hands of their enemies. We may look forward with confidence that the same will ere long happen again. Leo the Thirteenth or his successor will reign over his temporal dominions in peace and in prosperity, and will see the Italian monarchy crumble into dust, and those who vaunted themselves as rulers of United Italy will sink back into their former insignificance. We do not pretend to predict the time when this happy event will come to pass. There are no immediate signs of its being accomplished in the present state of Europe. But the struggle between the rival powers cannot be very long delayed, and when it takes place it is not likely that Italy will retain her present position. "When thieves fall out, honest men come by their own;" when the anti-Catholic Governments of the present day fall out, there is every reason to hope and believe that the Holy Father will regain the throne from which he has been unjustly ousted. At present we can but wait and pray that the approaching triumph of the Church, of which we have so often heard, may in God's mercy not be long delayed.

R. F. C.

Missing Links.

FOR students of Darwinism nothing could be more opportune than the appearance of such a work as that lately presented to us by Mr. Wallace.¹ No man now living has a better right than he to speak for the theory of which he is the joint, if not the original, author, while the space of time elapsed since Mr. Darwin's death has produced a mass of observations shedding a flood of light on almost every point of the question which has to be discussed. Therefore when Mr. Wallace sets himself to exhibit Darwinism for us in the clearest light, we may reasonably expect to be enabled at least to grasp the outlines of the system as a connected whole, and to perceive with some completeness the series of arguments by which its adherents believe it to be established.

And yet there must be some who rise from the perusal of the book bewildered rather than enlightened, and with less assurance even than before that they have got so far as to know what the Darwinian theory is. Such a state of mind would have a good deal to show in its own justification by raising various pleas on the evidence which Mr. Wallace affords, but for the present it will be enough to confine our attention to one.

From the fuller light which has now been cast on the facts bearing on the evolutionary theory, a result would appear to follow analogous to that which might conceivably ensue from a fuller examination of the geological record. Increased knowledge of that record might without doubt contradict the Darwinian theory of evolution. Darwinians have never pretended that we have direct evidence of the existence of all the

¹ *Darwinism: an Exposition of the Theory of Natural Selection, with some of its applications.* By Alfred Russel Wallace, LL.D., F.L.S., &c. Macmillan and Co, 1889.

forms of life in whose existence they believe. The species, whether living or extinct, which have been presented to actual observation, are but as a scattered group of islands, the relics of a vanished continent. Their contention is, that with means of observation more ample than we have, we should find the intervening chasms to have been once solidly bridged, by grades of life shaded by scarce perceptible gradations, from one to another of the species that we know. But, supposing that as our knowledge increased we were to find no trace of this—were to find the forms of life persistently grouping themselves around distinct centres, instead of arranging themselves in a linear chain—we should have a weighty argument against the hypothesis in whose favour the story of the rocks is invoked as a witness. Something like this it is which occurs in considering, with increased knowledge of facts, the various points of the argument whereon Darwinism rests.

It should not be forgotten that the various points of natural history which Mr. Darwin and other observers have established, are in themselves as separate and distinct one from another, as are the various species of animals and plants which we behold, and that their connexion in one whole, as Darwinians connect them, is as yet just as much a matter of hypothesis as is the connexion of those species by intermediate links. It has been shown, for instance, that there is a perpetual struggle for existence among the various inhabitants of the organic world: it has been shown that the individuals of a species tend to vary, more or less, from the normal type: also that man can avail himself of these variations to modify the qualities of the animals in his herds and the plants in his gardens. This has been proved. But that variation, trimmed and pruned by the struggle for existence, has modified species in a state of nature, as has man's conscious selection in a state of domestication—this is as yet but hypothesis, and hypothesis which needs confirmation from fuller inquiry into the facts of the case, just as much as the other hypothesis of the continuity of forms between one species and another. As we learn more about the struggle for existence, and about the variability of species, though more fully establishing these as separate varieties, we may possibly find that they do not play into each other's hands as they have been assumed to do, just as fresh observations of the path of a comet may

show it to be not an ellipse, but a parabola—not re-entrant but divergent.

Mr. Wallace has some important modifications to make in the statement of the observed facts with regard to variability, as known to Mr. Darwin. In the *Origin of Species*, the variations on which Natural Selection has had to work are always represented as *slight*. It is in "the accumulation of innumerable slight variations, each good for the individual possessor" that Mr. Darwin finds the means by which organs and instincts have been perfected:¹ all organs and instincts are, he tells us, "in ever so slight a degree, variable:"² there must have been "an interminable number of intermediate forms,"³ an "infinite of connecting links,"⁴ between species and species. So undeniable, indeed, is this, that a frequent objection to the Darwinian theory, has been the impotence of variations so minute as was supposed, to benefit in any practical degree the creatures in which they occur.

Mr. Wallace, however, shows that the differences which are constantly found to exist between individuals of the same species are by no means slight. In his own words,⁵ "Individual variability is a general character of all common and widespread species of animals or plants: this variability extends, so far as we know, to every part and organ, whether external or internal, as well as to every mental faculty. Yet more important is the fact that each part or organ varies to a considerable extent independently of other parts. Again, the variation which occurs is very large in amount—*usually* reaching ten or twenty, and sometimes even twenty-five per cent. of the average size of the varying part; while not one or two only, but from five to ten per cent. of the specimens examined exhibit nearly as large an amount of variation." The proofs brought in support of these assertions are overwhelming. Among the lowest foraminifera, amongst sea-anemones, mollusks, insects, reptiles, birds, and mammals, abundant instances are quoted. It will perhaps be sufficient to take one or two examples.

Amongst fourteen specimens of the wall-lizard (*Iacerta muralis*), examined by Mr. Milne Edwards, no single character except the scales on the head was found to be constant, the neck, trunk, tail, legs, and colour all "varying wonderfully," as shown by a diagram which Mr. Wallace appends.⁶ Fifty-eight

¹ *Origin of Species*, c. xiv. p. 459 (Fifth Thousand). ² *Ibid.* ³ *Ibid.* p. 460.

⁴ *Ibid.* p. 461. ⁵ *Darwinism*, p. 81. Italics mine. ⁶ P. 65.

specimens of the cardinal bird (*cardinalis virginianus*) yielded scarcely a single one in which any of the more notable features corresponded exactly with the normal type of the species. In regard of the tail, for instance, three at most could be said to have it of about the regulation length, twenty-four having it shorter, and thirty having it longer: but the extremes of variation were in the direction of defect rather than of excess, four specimens having their tails very short and only one very long. In the total length of the birds themselves, the discrepancies were still more remarkable, no one individual making any pretence to conform exactly to the stock pattern. They generally inclined to be larger rather than smaller, but instances of excessive variation were again somewhat in the other direction. The same sort of thing is to be seen in the length of their wings, and the bill, the tarsus, the torsi, are all found in this and other species to show an equal disregard of law. So amongst quadrupeds; one squirrel varies from another, within the limits of the same species,¹ as to the length of the head—somewhat, a great deal as to that of the feet, and extraordinarily as to the body, and especially as to the tail. In the same species of wolf and of bear,² extraordinary differences are found as to the several proportions of the skull—its length, its width, the sizes of the orbits, the palate, the nose, and the jaw-bone.

These are, I repeat, but specimens, taken from the mass of evidence produced by Mr. Wallace, and no one who examines that evidence as a whole can fail to see that he has established his case. The variations of form and structure which occur among wild animals—and the same is to be said for plants—are not occasional and minute, but incessant and important. There is clearly an end of the objection, above referred to, based on the supposed infinitesimal character of variations.

Very little reflection is, however, needed to show that if one difficulty is removed, it is only by introducing another vastly more formidable. If individuals are perpetually varying in such a fashion as we have seen, how comes it that species do not, like them, vary under our eyes? If every organ and function in each concrete specimen that we meet tends to depart from the normal type, how is it that the type remains normal, and that

¹ *Sciurus carolinensis* is Mr. Wallace's example, p. 67.

² *Canis lupus* and *ursus labiatus*, pp. 70—72.

these variations persistently arrange themselves about it? The deflections and nutations of a planet prove the existence of the force which in spite of them prescribes a fixed path and position, and unless the minor members of a solar system tended, of their own momentum, to fly off into space, we should not know that there was an overmastering power anchoring them to one centre. In the case which we are considering, the persistence of uniformity amid continual variation is far more remarkable. Each of these variations is a handle, and, as we have seen, a powerful one, for Natural Selection to grasp, and so to modify subsequent development. If the centrifugal tendency, which such variability indicates, were all—every varying climate and soil and circumstance on the face of the globe, should make its own species, or rather there should be no species at all, but a fleeting and evanescent succession of individual forms, like the shapes of clouds in a windy sky. It is idle to pretend that the features which any species constantly exhibits are specially adapted to existing circumstances, for in no two habitats are existing circumstances the same. To take examples familiar to every one; the house sparrow¹ flourishes in the north within the Arctic Circle, and on the Albert Nyanza, close to the Equator, in Siberia, and in Madeira, the Farøe Islands, and Moscow. Our common water crowfoot, whose white blossoms float on pools or sluggish streams, is to be found in all temperate regions, north and south, except New Zealand and the Pacific.² Now, who can say that in either of these instances, which might be reinforced by a host of others, the conditions of existence are so precisely the same for the species as a whole as to stereotype its characteristics, to perpetuate among sparrows, for instance, a white streak over each eye, a black lore, and a bar of white on the middle wing-coverts? It must be remembered that unless such absolute uniformity of type were everywhere visible, systematic naturalists would be only too glad to pronounce that the species were different: it is only the clearest evidence of continuous similarity, down to the minutest details, that can hinder them from doing so. And what is the force, we may ask once again, that preserves this uniformity, amid continual false starts along other paths? What hinders their varying surroundings from fashioning individual variations into permanent varieties?

¹ *Passer domesticus*. See Howard Saunder's *Manual of British Birds*, p. 171.

² See Sir J. D. Hooker, *Student's Flora of the British Isles*, p. 5.

It would therefore appear that the new crop of facts gathered by Mr. Wallace, while establishing on a broader basis than before the truth of variation, does not at the same time serve to establish the variability of species through natural selection, but, on the contrary, brings into more prominence than ever the idea of a controlling force strong enough to draw things together which circumstances would naturally drive apart. Instead of a fresh link being added to the chain of argument yoking together variability and struggle for existence as joint factors in the work of development, a link is snapped which we fancied to be forged. With infinitesimal variations, developments might be going on before our eyes, and yet be as invisible to us as the movements of the shadow on the dial. But with such variations as are now established, development, on Darwinian principles, should proceed at a rate at which we see that, in fact, it is not proceeding.

Therefore just as we might find from a fuller investigation of the rocks evidence for the isolation, and not for the concatenation, of the various forms under which life is known, so do we find like evidence from a more complete understanding of the state of the case with regard to variability. The forms tend persistently to group themselves round types, which yet remain ideals never, perhaps, actually realized, in any concrete instance, and whose continuance cannot therefore be well explained by what we are accustomed to call heredity.

And this suggests another consideration. If there has been development, it must, from analogy, have been rather by an alteration in the normal type itself, which thus controls a species, than in the individuals which compose it; they and their incessant variations being borne along the line of progression, as the members of our solar system career round the sun while it follows its own course through space. Supposing this to be the case, we have, on Darwinian principles, to face the inconvenience of supposing, that external circumstances succeed in creating and in modifying a type which they can scarcely ever, if ever at all, succeed in actually producing. This type is easily recognizable generation after generation, throughout a multitude of creatures, no one of which does yet exactly conform to it. A certain most definite condition of stature, of proportions, of hue, of form, is proved by the action of a creature's surrounding to be the best for that creature,

and this without those conditions having in all probability been ever united in any one case. Given a definite controlling force arranging the parts and organs on a certain pattern, it is easy enough to understand how external agencies should in some degree disturb that pattern without disarrangement, as the wind tosses the branches of a tree,—but how explain the production by mechanical forces of an ideal which as a fact they can never produce? Is it not like saying that a man could discover by mere measurement that the radii of a circle are equal without succeeding in drawing a circle in which they are so.

The above considerations may assist us to a clearer conception of what we mean by a *species*. Every one uses the term, and every one knows what is meant; yet none ever succeeds in a satisfactory definition. Mr. Darwin seems to imply¹ that no definition can be framed without including "the unknown element of a distinct act of creation." De Candolle² defines it as a collection of individuals which resemble one another more than they resemble anything else, which hand on their peculiarities from generation to generation, and which, from analogy, we suppose to have sprung from one individual. Swainson,³ still more awkwardly, defines a species as an animal which, in a state of nature, is distinguished by certain peculiarities from another animal, and propagates after its kind; whose peculiarities, therefore, are permanent. It would seem to be simpler and plainer to say, that a species is a permanent group of plants or animals framed in all particulars after a single type. This emphasizes the most remarkable fact about species, the fact, namely, that in all cases, man alone excepted, we can describe a species very much as an individual. Not only as to bodily qualities can we say that the cock-sparrows born next season will have narrow white streaks over their eyes, but we can securely beforehand set down the whole brood, cocks and hens alike, as impudent, quarrelsome and thievish, and addicted, despite all experience, to building nests in water-pipes. We can describe the fox as cunning, the booby as stupid, the robin as familiar, the tom-tit as plucky. We may set traps openly on the tops of bare poles knowing that hawks will infallibly perch upon them, and circumvent the more astute crow by

¹ *Origin of Species*, p. 44.

² Quoted by Mr. Wallace. *Darwinism*, p. 1.

³ *Ibid.* p. 2.

poisoning eggs which he will with equal certainty eat. We know exactly the habits of mind which will induce the wild-duck to enter our decoys, and the wheat-ear our traps. We know that a trout when hooked will behave in one way and a salmon in another; we talk of one fish as game, and of another as faint-hearted. Red ants, we prophesy, will make slaves, and black ants submit to slavery; moths will fly into candles; jackdaws will run off with anything that glitters; dogs will attach themselves to masters. The characteristics of each race may vary in what seems the most arbitrary manner, and yet be obviously for that race the rule which they follow by no independent volition of their own; in spite of the argument by which the cat in the fairy-tale proved its own madness. "A dog isn't mad, is he? Well, he growls when he is angry, and wags his tail when he is pleased: but I growl when I am pleased, and wag my tail when I am angry."

The description which naturalists give of species descend to particulars still more minute than these; and generation after generation we find these descriptions verified. The component individuals are all obviously made after one pattern, like the uniforms of the same regiment. Species are thus the ultimate moulds in which nature casts her organic products; the terminal buds on her genealogical tree. It is extraordinary how near one species may run to another, remaining at the same time fundamentally distinct. An excellent example is afforded by two of our commonest summer migrants, the willow-wren and the chiff-chaff. When once they open their mouths to sing there is no mistaking them; but till they do that it is almost impossible to distinguish them. Even when we hold them in our hands, except for a slight difference in their size, and in the colour of their legs,¹ we find no apparent distinction. The surest test is found in the quill feathers of the wing. In the willow-wren the second quill is equal in length to the sixth, in the chiff-chaff to the seventh; in the former only six quills and in the latter seven have the outer webs sloped off or emarginated. In habits the two species are as like each other as in form. They live on the same food, build most similar nests, and lay eggs similarly marked though with slightly different colours. Yet running so very close to each other

¹ The length of the willow-wren is 4.9 inches, and of the chiff-chaff 4.75: the legs of the former are light brown, of the latter dark brown.

they are as distinct as species can be. As already said their song is utterly distinct, the one emitting a cheerful though very simple strain from a bush ; while the other seated aloft in a tree hammers away persistently at a couple of notes, or as it seems to all but the most delicate ears, at one note only. The points of difference which we can specify between the two are slight and seemingly trivial, but for all that it is perfectly clear that a willow-wren is one thing and a chiff-chaff quite another ; they go each their own way in absolute independence, and very often do not inhabit the same districts. There is something which discriminates them, beyond any point of difference on which we can put our finger ; they rally round different standards, and obey different watchwords.

From what has been said it would appear that the most striking characteristic presented by species, as we know them, is their isolation one from another. It is most important to bear this constantly in mind when considering any theory which professes to explain how they are linked together. On Darwinian principles we have to hold that any two species may ultimately be traced back to a common form, from which both have sprung, just as the buds of a tree, whereto I have compared them, may be traced back to the same bough, or at least to the same stem. But, more than that, we have to maintain, that these buds, fraught with the potency of yet further developments, have come to be where they are, not through any innate laws of growth within the tree which bears them, but simply through the mechanical operation of external forces. According to this view, Nature's genealogical tree differs from other trees in having no pre-disposition stamping its growth with any particular character ; it will be an oak, a palm, or a bramble, as circumstances choose. Therefore when we lay down that one species, or genus, or family, has sprung from another, not only must we assume that every form intermediate between the two has once existed, we must also postulate that the conditions of the earth have been such that each intermediate form has in its own time been the most advantageous in the struggle for existence. Birds, for example, we are told have descended from reptiles, whose fore-legs have been developed into wings, and their scales into feathers. If we are good Darwinians, not only must we hold that the bird-form is the best for one set of conditions, and the reptilian for another ; we must suppose

that a form half-way between the two, with legs half-wings and scales half-feathers, was once upon a time better for those creatures who fell in for it, than the old reptile-form which they had left. According to this theory no advance is made along the path of development in view of any point to be gained beyond. If any single step is taken, it is because the position gained is good in itself, better for those who occupy it than the situation they have left, and enabling them to fight for life on better terms than those who have stayed behind. It is like saying that the only way in which men could have got from London to York was by building a town all the way; each fresh suburb and street and house being added, merely because it was good for man to be *there*, because the situation afforded advantages unknown before. And just as in the map of England there are wide tracts where no trace of a hamlet or a hut speaks of human occupancy, and where no feature of the district suggests any motive that could make men dwell there, so in the scheme of organic life, as known to us, there are wide gaps, which it baffles our very imagination to fill. We can fancy, easily enough, that all the conditions of the globe, that we witness, have been changed for their contraries—tropic heat for arctic cold, land for water, loam for rock. We know what other changes would be involved by these in the world of life, for in our flora and fauna we have abundant instances of forms adapted to all. But for such creatures as those which we have to suppose, it would seem that another sort of world was needed, and other rules of the game of life, of the existence of which we have no evidence at all beyond our own speculations. It is not merely that links are missing in the chain of life-forms; they are missing just where they ought to be found, if we are to be justified in talking of the evidence afforded by observation in favour of the Darwinian theory.

The difficulty thus arising has, it is true, been to some extent anticipated by Mr. Darwin himself, who attempts to supply an answer. It would, however, seem that there are important factors in the problem which his solution does not consider. His contention is that if we do not find link-species actually existing, it is because they have been beaten in the race of life by their more developed descendants; and if we have not found them in the rocks, it is because of the extreme imperfection of our geological record. As to the first point of

this argument, he bids us remember that we must not look to find forms indicating the direct descent of one of our existing species from another. The birds, for example, of the present day, are not to be traced to any of our living lizards, but bird and lizard alike to a common ancestor, more lizard-like than bird-like. From this unknown progenitor the fowls of the air have branched off in one direction, utterly modifying the ancestral organs, and our creeping things in another, still applying the organs to their original purposes, but improving their structure variously for the same. Therefore, he argues, the more modified species, in whatever direction their modifications may have lain, have improved their position in life, relatively to the original, which they have consequently exterminated; just as the rifle-man has extinguished the arquebusier and the arquebusier the crossbow-man. "Hence," in his own words,¹ "if we look at each species as descended from some other unknown form, both the parent and the transitional varieties will generally have been exterminated by the very process of formation and perfection of the new form."

The existence of intermediate forms as living species being thus accounted for, it remains to explain why they are not found as fossils. As Mr. Darwin puts it,² "Why is not every geological formation and every stratum full of such intermediate links? Geology assuredly does not reveal any such finely graduated organic chain; and this, perhaps, is the most obvious and gravest objection which can be urged against my theory. The explanation lies, as I believe, in the extreme imperfection of the geological record." How imperfect our knowledge of that record is, he proceeds to show. Only here and there on the earth's surface have we the opportunity of getting a glimpse into the volume whose pages are the rocks. A water-worn cliff, a mine, a quarry, a railway-cutting, show us here and there the fragment of a leaf; but how insignificant a portion of the globe's face is scanned by any of these. What we know of the geological record must, from the nature of the case, be to what we do not know, as a minute and altogether insignificant fraction. The fact, therefore, that we know little or nothing of intermediate links, is not surprising but natural, and till our knowledge of the whole be vastly greater than it is, we can found no argument upon our ignorance of a part.

¹ *Origin of Species*, p. 172.

² *Ibid.* p. 280.

Rightly to understand the complex bearings of a line of reasoning such as this is no easy task, and he would be a bold man who could pretend with any confidence to grasp them all; but assuredly there are some obvious considerations, not indicated by Mr. Darwin, whereof account must be taken, before we can draw from his premisses the conclusion he would have us adopt.

In the first place, it must not be forgotten that in any direct line of descent, such as he supposes, amongst successive species of plants or animals, although each generation is better fitted for the struggle of life than its predecessor, it does not therefore follow that the tide of life on earth has continuously increased in volume, as do the waters of a river from its head to its mouth. The less developed had to contend with less developed antagonists, and were just as capable of establishing a firm and durable empire, as were the ancient Romans, though they knew nothing of gunpowder. Life must, at all times, have been co-extensive with the capability of the earth to support life, and there is no reason whatever to suppose that this has developed as time went on, for while one class of creatures have been modifying themselves more effectually to consume others, those others have, by the same rule, been guarding themselves against being too easily consumed. The stream of life must therefore be taken as constant at all periods and in all stages of development, on the border lines between our present forms, just as much as within the tracts that include them.

It must, moreover, be remembered that the Darwinian theory, though commonly spoken of as dealing with the origin of *species*, claims equally to deal with the origin of more primary and fundamental divisions in the organic world, of genera, orders, classes, and even kingdoms.¹ On its principles we have to assume that the procession of life-forms has been continuous, from the least organized jellies of the primitive world, to the most complex structures of our own. As has

¹ The organic world is divided into the *vegetable* and *animal* KINGDOMS. The latter is divided into two SUB-KINGDOMS, *vertebrates* (back-boned animals) and *invertebrates*. *Vertebrates* have five CLASSES, *fish*, *amphibians*, *reptiles*, *birds*, and *mammals*. Each of these has various ORDERS, as, amongst birds, *swimmers*, *waders*, *runners*, *scratchers*, *climbers*, *perchers*, *birds of prey*. Within each ORDER are FAMILIES, as the *sparrow family*, among the *perchers*. The GENUS *passer*, a subdivision of this, includes various SPECIES, as the House sparrow and the Tree sparrow.

been said, every step of the road must once upon a time have been occupied in force, one as much as another, and occupied during the enormous periods of time needed for development to be wrought. All the border-lands between our existing forms must once have been thronged with life, if one class of creatures has grown out of another. It should therefore seem that the classification of extinct organisms ought not in any degree to coincide with that of those which are living. Granting that the latter have been developed into strongly-marked differences, yet in the series which led up to these we should find such differences melt away. The diagram of extinct life should be to that of existing life as a continent to an archipelago. More than this: we have actually good reasons for anticipating that, if Darwinian principles were true, we should find more traces of those forms which have no near counterpart in actual life, than of others. The more fundamental a development has been, the more time must have been needed to work it. Any species, therefore, in which such development has been operated, must have been long-lived and multitudinous, in exact proportion to the importance of differences which separate those between which it constitutes a link. For example, whatever space of time may have been required to evolve the features which distinguish one bird from another, a goose from a humming-bird, an immeasurably larger space must have been needed to make a true bird out of a true reptile, and countless myriads of creatures must have lived and died in a condition between the two. But the most notable fact about the record, as we know it, of geology, is its harmony with the broader features of the existing order of things. Mammals we find, and birds, reptiles, fishes, insects, mollusks. They do not fit in, it is true, with our actual genera and species, but there is no doubt as to where to place them in our larger classes. Instead of manifesting a character completely at variance with our present classification, with its broad intersecting gulfs separating forms from forms, the geological record adopts that classification, lending itself with singular facility to that classification—gulfs and all. Therefore, although it be true that we know but little of that record, yet what we do know points all in one direction.

Still more notable is it that what might seem at first sight to be possible links, present us with some of the most perplexing problems. For instance, to keep to our example, there have

been flying reptiles,¹ and there has at about the same period of the world's history, been a bird with sundry reptilian features.² Some writers have hastened to declare that this at once proves the case for the descent of the one from the other. But in the first place the pterodactyle, although he could fly, was as clearly a reptile as the bat is a mammal; and although the archæopteryx had lizard-like teeth, a long tail, and free digits on his wing, no one can read Professor Owen's account³ without seeing that he was as true a bird as the canary. But, moreover, whatever else these species may be, they cannot be links in the same chain of development. The pterodactyle had a wing, to be sure, but it was a wing constructed on utterly different principles from that of a bird. In it the little finger of the hand⁴ is abnormally developed, and, with the aid of a membrane, performs all the work of flight. In the bird this digit is suppressed altogether, and a totally different modification of parts exhibited. The archæopteryx has a bird's wing, and a completely developed wing too; the proportions of some of the more important parts are, according to Professor Owen, like those of the peregrine falcon; while as a whole he compares it to the wing of a grouse. And yet it is not even this member which, on the same authority, most evidently stamps the creature with the character of a bird, but its breast-bone, and especially its feet.

Instead, therefore, of filling the void, such an instance as this does but serve to emphasize its existence. Reptiles we see might have come to fly as well as birds, and yet be as far from being birds as the crocodile, or rather still further, for it would be easier to make a bird's wing out of a crocodile's fore-foot than from the wing of a pterodactyle.

Once more then, by another road, we are brought back to the consideration with which we started, that the most striking feature presented to us by these various tribes of organic creatures which we know, is their isolation one from another, far more than their intercommunion. Everywhere we seem to

¹ Pterodactyles.

² The archæopteryx of the oolite.

³ *Phil. Journ.* Royal Society for 1863, pp. 33, seq.

⁴ It is scarcely necessary to observe that in the skeleton of all vertebrate animals the same fundamental parts are to be traced: thus the hand of man, the wing of the bat or the bird, the flipper of the whale, the paw of the lion, the fore-foot of the lizard, all contain the same ultimate elements, variously modified according to the creature's various needs.

find evidence of forces working actively from within, and determining the fundamental character of each class, and not of a mere passive plasticity ready to assume any form which surrounding circumstances may impress. Yet it is for this colourless passivity that Darwinians argue. In Mr. Wallace's words, "In this way [by preservation of variations happening to prove useful] every possible modification of an animal or plant, whether in colour, form, structure, or habits, which would be serviceable to it or to its progeny at any period of its existence, may be readily brought about."¹ More noteworthy still are his words that follow: "There are some curious organs which are used only once in a creature's life, but which are yet essential to its existence, and thus *have very much the appearance of design by an intelligent designer.*" An appearance which he clearly holds to be illusory, for he proceeds to explain how natural selection can sufficiently account for all the facts. Hence we may clearly see the distinction to be drawn between a theory which teaches merely that there has been development in the history of the organic world, and that which lays down that the development has been operated by the agency of Natural Selection alone. For those who hold development to have proceeded on a plan and along fixed lines, the difficulties urged above are not formidable. A man intending to reach a distant spot does not embark on a railway with the intention of spending his life thereon, but as a means to his destination. The idea of a foreknown end once introduced, there is no necessity of holding that every step along the road was once a terminus. But take such an end away, and it is hard to understand how the ground-plan of nature, as it has in fact resulted, should be distinctly traceable in every phase of its past history.

To recapitulate. The constant variability of individuals within the same species, while the specific type endures unvaryingly, points to an energetic intrinsic force, as the operative agency by which species are moulded, and discredits the idea that their forms are the sport of extrinsic conditions. On the latter supposition there would be required, in order to account for the development of one class of creatures from another, a chain of conditions rendering each intermediate form, in its season, the most advantageous hitherto acquired by any organism in that line of development. Some of the conditions,

¹ *Darwinism*, p. 113. Italics mine.

thus postulated, must have been so alien to all now existing upon earth, that the advent of the present state of things has utterly obliterated the races which existed therein, as effectually as an atmosphere of choke-damp would extinguish our present fauna. Moreover the creatures thus exterminated, though they must have been once found in as large numbers as those of other periods, have melted away like a wreath of mist leaving no trace behind, and thus enabling the series of life-forms exhibited by the rocks to tally with our own, as to both its contents and its gaps.

Travellers tell us of hosts of ants which in their migrations overcome all obstacles by lavish sacrifice of lives, filling up pits and damming streams and even extinguishing fires by the sheer force of numbers, willing to perish that others may find a path over their remains. Were we to track their course to confirm such an account, we should look to find their remains most plentiful where their difficulties have been greatest. So should it be, on Natural Selection principles, with the march of life. There, too, there are chasms to be filled on the way, if that way is to be continuous from end to end. The passage from invertebrate to vertebrate, from fish to reptile, from reptile to bird or to mammal, demands changes so fundamental that the earth should be laden with the failures. But it is just where the dead should be lying thickest that we find them not at all.

There is yet another quarter where our missing links may be sought. The history of the development of each individual animal, as we are often told by Darwinians, is a summary of the history of the race to which that individual belongs. A mollusk, for instance, a reptile, a bird, and a mammal, have their origin in primitive cells absolutely similar, and in the course of its progress towards what is to be its final form, the reptile is at one period indistinguishable from a fish, and the mammal from a reptile. "A better proof of this," says Mr. Darwin,¹ "cannot be given than a circumstance mentioned by Agassiz, namely, that having forgotten to ticket the embryo of some vertebrate animal, he cannot now tell whether it be that of a mammal, bird, or reptile."

The fact is certainly important and significant, but it is hard to see in it a proof of what Darwinians would have it prove.

¹ *Origin of Species*, p. 439.

In the first place, as has been well pointed out by Mr. Mivart,² though, in such cases of individual development, there be progress from one form to another, that progress is ruled by a force intrinsic to the developing creature, and not by extrinsic circumstances. The future dog may for a time be indistinguishable from a lizard, but a lizard it is not, and nothing on earth can make it one, or can even change it to a wolf. A dog it must be or nothing. "If then," argues this able writer, "the development of the individual is an epitome of that of the species, the latter must, like the former, be due to the action of definite innate laws, unconsciously carrying out definite pre-ordained ends and purposes."

For our present object it is still more noteworthy that the abridgement of evolutionary history thus presented by the embryo, is as silent on the subject of the link-forms whereof we are in search, as are the voluminous tomes of the rocks. We obtain no hint at all as to how one class or order of beings can have been changed to another, but again seem to recognize life in all its stages as being attached to one or other of the typical forms to which we are accustomed.

But more than this. In some of the lower animals the processes of individual development are displayed nakedly before our eyes, like the works of a skeleton clock. In the class of insects, for example, we see in the larva a totally different life-form from that of a perfect insect. A caterpillar differs from a butterfly, not so much indeed as a lizard from a bird, but yet sufficiently to make it instructive to observe by what kind of form he links these two phases of his existence. He does so by becoming a chrysalis. Did any caterpillar ever go into the chrysalis unless with the purpose of coming out as a butterfly? If the intermediate form were ever his final stage he might as well, so far as his individual development was concerned, have gone into his coffin or into the crop of a sparrow. Here then, at least, is a form such as we have sought, connecting conditions of existence altogether different, but it is a form which can never have been the terminus of development, for in that case the terminus would have been final.

However, therefore, we approach the problem, the solution offered by Darwinianism appears less satisfactory the more it be

² Articles in the *Tablet* newspaper, March to June, 1888.

examined. Intrinsic forces working definitely towards one plan, not indeterminate forces swept hither and thither by external agencies like a cloud of dust, are suggested by the phenomena of nature, whithersoever our eyes are turned. It would be strange were it otherwise. Organic nature in all its parts we find to be inexorably ruled by law. How then shall we expect that with the whole it should be otherwise? Lawless or really random variation, says Dr. Asa Gray,¹ would be a strange anomaly in this world of law, and a singular conclusion to be reached by those who insist upon the universality of law in Nature.

J. G.

¹ *Contemporary Review*, April 1882, p. 609.

The Catholic Conference of 1889.

THE Catholic Conference of 1889 has come and gone. The members and friends from North and South, East and West—from Scotland and the Isle of Wight, from Norwich and Newport—have returned to their homes, there to tell of what they have seen and heard, and of all that Manchester has done to make their visit pleasant. What is the story that they carry back with them, and how does this second Conference compare with that of last year? A brief account of the events of the latter appeared in this Review for December last: it may be well to put on record a similar summary, for the benefit of those who were present only in spirit at this latest development of the work of the Catholic Truth Society, as well as of those—for such there are—to whom even yet the Society is almost unknown. But, as the Catholic newspapers have this year vied with each other in the completeness of their reports, and as one or other of them will be in the hands of every person likely to read this article, it may be well to devote special attention to those points which suggest themselves to those who regard the Conference from inside—those to whom the plan and execution of these Conferences is mainly due.

The origin of the Conferences was sufficiently set forward in the article already referred to;¹ and as a copy of this was sent round to every member of the Catholic Truth Society with the Report for 1888, there is no need to dwell further upon it here. But it may be said, speaking generally, that as the Westminster Conference exceeded the anticipations of those who initiated the movement, so the Manchester Conference surpassed the Westminster one in every particular. The former was attended with the anxiety which must wait upon an experiment; the latter was based upon the sure foundation which the former had laid, and no one doubted

¹ THE MONTH, December, 1888.

for an instant of its success. At the close of the Westminster Conference, there was a general feeling that a similar gathering should, if possible, be held in 1889: the Manchester meetings had hardly begun when the permanence of such Conferences was discussed as a matter of course, and the only question—one which still remains to be decided—was, "Where shall the Conference be held in 1890?"

It may be well, in the first instance, to point out the new departures which marked the Conference of 1889. The most important of them was the hospitality which was freely and generously extended by the clergy and laity of Manchester, not only to their acquaintances from a distance, which would be in no way remarkable, but to those who came to them as strangers, although they left them as friends. The centres of future Conferences may emulate, but cannot exceed, the open-handed generosity and hearty kindness with which the Catholics of Manchester responded to the suggestion of the "Hospitality Committee;" not less than a hundred guests were lodged, free of all cost to themselves, while for such matters as luncheons and dinners, the difficulty was how to avoid accepting the many pressing invitations extended to all visitors, whether from far or near. Not the least gain of such Conferences, as was pointed out by one of the speakers at the concluding meeting, is the growth of social feeling among the Catholics present. We are so scattered, and too often so estranged by other than local circumstances, that anything which brings us closer together is in itself a benefit. Such meetings as these are admirably calculated to effect this object; and one of the few drawbacks to the Manchester Conference was the absence of an opportunity for special development in this direction: the evening "*Conversazione*," in spite of its name, gave no chance for conversation, but was simply a continuation of the business meetings held during the day.

The visitors were, we may hope, less exacting than some of those who attended the recent Anglican Congress at Cardiff, although one member begged that he might not be the guest of a teetotaler. A local paper prints some of the letters that were received by certain of the Cardiff housewives, from strangers who had been invited to their homes.

One visiting humourist (says the *Church Times*, summarizing these letters), states that he shall require a feather-bed, and requests that the piano may not be played during his visit. Another asks that the beds may be properly aired, and a fire lighted every night, adding that she shall bring a servant with her who will understand her requirements. Another states that he likes kidneys and chops for breakfast, and objects to anybody smoking. Another asks for a spring mattress, and says that he always sits up smoking till two o'clock, which, he hopes, will not disturb his entertainers. A visitor with a scientific turn requests that his bed may face from north to south to be in harmony with the direction of the magnetic current, and states that he only requires one pillow. One gentleman begs that warm flannels may be ready for him at ten o'clock every night; and another was desirous of having a glass of rum with two lumps of sugar in it every evening as a precaution against the night air.

Such, however, was the hospitality of our Manchester hosts, that, had any of us been so unreasonable as to express such wishes as the above, there seems every probability that they would have been carried out.

Another new departure was the production of a very excellent "Guide-book," at the small price of twopence, which contained (besides a full programme of the proceedings) a capital portrait of the Bishop of Salford, a list of the Manchester churches and other public buildings, with directions how to reach them, notes on their history, &c.; a useful map, in which these and other points of interest were marked; a complete list of the Society's publications, including the magic-lantern slides; and a paper describing various ways of helping the Society—the whole forming, with advertisements, a neat volume of nearly a hundred pages. For this, as indeed for almost everything which made the Conference a success, we are indebted to the Rev. Charles Rothwell, the indefatigable Local Secretary.

Another pleasing feature was the exhibition of various religious and educational objects, which filled the ground floor of the Hall. It may well be that at some future Conference an Exhibition of Ecclesiastical Art will be organized, similar to that which was held in St. George's Schools in Southwark some four years since. From the situation of the schools and the unhappy ignorance of the south side of the river which prevails among Londoners, this magnificent display attracted but little notice. The public attention which was given to the comparatively poor show under the management of the Church of England Working Men's Society, held in Portman Rooms during last

summer, leads us to suppose that a good exhibition, in a similarly central position, would not fail of support. This suggestion, like others from the same source, may commend itself to the Catholic public, and may in time take practical shape.

The arrangements for the Sunday preceding the Conference were far in advance of those of last year. In London, two sermons and one public meeting were the extent of the work: in Manchester and Salford, there were sermons—morning and evening in some instances—at nine churches, and three public meetings, all of which were largely attended. Both at these and at the Conference proper, there was a large attendance of working men, whose comparative absence from the London meetings elicited last year an unfavourable comment from one quarter. There was also some representation of the Catholic aristocracy, in the persons of Lord Herries and the Rev. Lord Archibald Douglas; while Mr. Henry Stourton appeared for the old Catholic laity. In every way, indeed, the Manchester Conference was more representative than its predecessor; the numbers at each meeting were larger, and proportionately more enthusiastic. One reason for this was the throwing the Conference open to all who chose to pay a shilling for a ticket admitting to all meetings. Last year the Conference was limited to members and specially invited guests: the Manchester departure was attended with a certain amount of risk, but its result was extremely satisfactory.

The projected publication of the papers read at the Conference, is another step in advance. This has not yet been finally decided upon, but there is every reason to believe that it will be carried out. In this volume will appear, not only the papers already summarized in the weekly press, but others which have not received so much attention, although they will be found worthy of careful perusal.

One or two of the points raised either during reading or discussion may receive a word of comment here. Mr. Costelloe's demonstration of the need of a Catholic centre came on me a little unexpectedly. For some time the necessity of something of this kind has been present to my mind, and I have mentioned it in conversation to Mr. Costelloe and others. I hope at an early date to lay before the readers of this Review a scheme which will at any rate afford scope for discussion. Meanwhile I venture to quote the *Tablet's* account of "one little episode

which occurred during the reading, and which perhaps is not without its significance as a sign of public opinion. Speaking of the paramount necessity of some active centre for the organization of Catholic effort, Mr. Costelloe went on to say that it had long been evident that the Catholic Union was of no practical use for such a purpose. The words were at once eagerly emphasized by a round of applause from all parts of the Hall."

The paper on "Congregational Singing" and the subsequent debate demonstrated two things. First, the inclusion of such a subject shows that it is becoming recognized that these Conferences are not to be restricted to matters falling immediately within the province of the Catholic Truth Society. Next, the feeling of the need of some authorized hymn-book, approved by all the Bishops, not necessarily to the exclusion of others, received full expression and hearty support. It has been suggested that it would be well at future Conferences to vary the reading of papers with the proposing of certain resolutions, on which speeches should be invited: and it may be assumed that a definite expression of opinion from such a representative gathering would have weight with their Lordships the Bishops of England, if respectfully laid before them at their Low Week meeting.

The important matter of co-operation was more than once brought forward, occasionally in a way which led one to suppose that the speakers were not quite clear what is already being done in this direction. With the Gild of Ransom, for example, to which reference was made, the Catholic Truth Society has always worked in any way possible; while so far as publishers are concerned, cheap and useful books are recommended from time to time through the Society's "Occasional Circular," and are supplied with its own publications. A list of selected books always forms part of the Society's monthly catalogues, and—to take an example—many thousands of the Bishop of Salford's *People's Manuals* have been distributed through its agency.

To the Marquis of Bute, Lord Archibald Douglas, and Dom Hunter Blair, O.S.B.—the last named, though not present at the Conference, having previously discussed the subject with the writer—we owe the bringing forward of the claims of Scotland as a field for the work of the Society. Lord Herries and others warmly supported the views advanced, and we may hope that, before the next Conference, some steps may have been taken to bring the claims of the Church home to those

north of the Tweed. Of the importance of this there can be no doubt ; but, like another matter of equal moment, the gratuitous supply of leaflets for distribution, little can be done while the funds of the Society are at their present low ebb. As our work increases, so do our expenses ; our staff has from time to time been augmented ; we are outgrowing the premises we at present occupy, and must seek more commodious quarters as soon as circumstances will permit. It is only by the strictest economy that we have been able to achieve the results already obtained ; and these results justify us in appealing to the Catholic public for yet more generous support than we have at present received, liberal as that support has been.

Of the energy, often amounting to enthusiasm, which characterized the meetings, it is not necessary to speak. From the gathering of the Manchester Conferences of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul on Saturday night until the evening of Wednesday, when those of us who took part in the excursion to Stonyhurst exchanged farewells on the platform of Victoria Station, the most intense interest marked the proceedings : every one was inquiring and suggesting as to the next centre to be selected. The rain, which persistently fell throughout the excursion, in no way damped the spirits of those who took part in it, although few things are more depressing than a pleasure-trip under umbrellas.

Satisfactory as everything was as a whole, it must be confessed that in certain details of management improvement may be effected, and these may as well be pointed out. The programme of papers was too long. This had been realized from the first by some of the Committee, but others thought that, by relegating a few of the papers to the evening meetings, the whole might be gone through. And it *was* gone through ; but at the loss of much interesting discussion, and, it must be admitted, to the disadvantage of the evening meetings. It would be premature to say what improvements may be decided upon before the next Conference ; but it may be suggested that the papers should be fewer in number, and the time for reading each *strictly* limited to twenty minutes ; that arrangements should be made for two speakers on each, so as to avoid the waste of time which takes place while everybody is waiting for some one else to speak ; and that the *business* should be ended during the day, leaving the evenings free for social intercourse. As to the length of papers, it is unfortunate

that on these occasions writers should waste time by laying down propositions which every one takes for granted. More than one paper was cut short by the chairman's bell just as its author was becoming practical; more than one would have been thus abridged, had not the chairman treated the reader with episcopal forbearance.

It was felt by every one whose opinions we could gather that our evening meetings were not successes, and letters received since the Conference pointedly except these meetings from the congratulations bestowed on all else. Many things combined to produce this result. On Monday evening, for instance, the choir of the Salford Cathedral began by specimens of music suitable for congregational singing, but as there was no congregation to sing it, the point of its introduction was not obvious; two other specimens—an *O Salutaris* and *Tantum ergo*—were, it may be supposed (though this was not announced), given as examples of what should never be sung in church under any circumstances whatever—at least, so long as the Westminster Decrees remain in force. By some fault of arrangement, the lights were not turned up during the intervals in the magic-lantern lecture, the lantern for which was none too good; Canon Brownlow, after struggling for some time, succumbed to the darkness and left his paper unfinished, while Father Cologan's interesting essay on the magic-lantern was more suited for the earlier part of the day. On Tuesday evening, the promised "selections of music" did not take place; there was no opportunity for conversation; the papers read did not seem to "catch on;" and—to be quite candid—the opportunity was a wasted one. These are matters which must be materially improved next year: I mention them to show that we are quite conscious of our imperfections, and that we mean, as far as possible, to remedy them.

There is every reason to hope that the Conference of 1890 will mark a further advance. Quite apart from their immediate results, meetings of this kind have a consolidating and strengthening effect; and, now that they have been firmly established, it rests with every one of us to do his or her best to ensure their continuance.

JAMES BRITTEN.

*The Deposed Bishops of England.*¹

FEW books have ever been published, whose appearance has been so amply justified as Father Bridgett's *Story of the Hierarchy that Elizabeth found in communion with the Universal Church, and forcibly deposed from their sees*. The title he has given to it of "*The True Story*" is singularly suggestive and thoroughly deserved. It means that previous histories have been false; and the extent to which this stigma on preceding historians is justified will surprise all Father Bridgett's readers. It is a very remarkable thing to say, but it is true that, on this point, all writers without exception have misstated facts and miswritten history. Generally it happens that misstatements are on one side and their corrections to be found on the other, but here, singularly enough, Protestant and Catholic writers are all wrong. They do not say the same, or commit the same errors, and Catholics contradict flatly the statements of their opponents: but the truth of history is not to be found on either side among historians, either Protestant or Catholic; and the careful and accurate writers of the future must come to Father Bridgett's pages, if they desire to know the truth respecting the Catholic Bishops, whom Elizabeth, at her accession to the Throne, found upon the sees of England. The true story of the treatment they received is a matter of no little consequence and of the greatest interest. The claim of "continuity" is one much spoken of and often most tranquilly assumed by those who violently ousted the Catholic Church, and then tried to take her place. After reading the story told by Father Bridgett, there is little room for dispute as to the fidelity to the Holy See and the ancient Church of the prelates who were in peaceful possession of episcopal jurisdiction in

¹ *The True Story of the Catholic Hierarchy deposed by Queen Elizabeth, with fuller Memoirs of its Last two Survivors*. By the Rev. T. E. Bridgett, C.S.S.R., Author of *Life of Blessed John Fisher*, and the late Rev. T. F. Knox, D.D., of the London Oratory. London: Burns and Oates.

England when Mary died and Elizabeth became Queen and changed the religion of the country. The erroneous Protestant tradition arises from the fact that their writers have been deceived by the falsehoods that were first set afloat by Lord Burghley. In 1583 he published, in answer to Dr. Allen, a book called *Execution of Justice in England*, which book was made known as widely as the influence of the English Government could spread it. "His purpose," says Father Bridgett, "was to convince the world that the English Martyrs had been put to death for treason, not for religion," and "one of his arguments is that the deposed Bishops, who professed the same religion, were neither put to death nor persecuted." "The main assertion here," Father Bridgett continues, after extracting two or three pages from Burghley, "that the deposed Bishops were neither slaughtered nor maimed" [that is, that they were not hanged, drawn, and quartered] "is doubtless true; but the assertion that because they were peaceable subjects they were allowed to live quiet and peaceable lives, is altogether false. He does not in so many words deny their imprisonment; yet, by allowing that there was just so far an exception to their perfect freedom—that they were at one period the quasi-guests of Elizabeth's hospitable Bishops, and by the declaration that they 'all enjoyed their life as the course of nature would'—he utterly excludes the notion of real imprisonment. Who could possibly have guessed from his words that Watson of Lincoln had already spent four and twenty years in confinement; Thirlby of Ely nearly eleven; Bonner of London ten; Bourne of Bath and Wells, Turberville of Exeter, Scott of Chester, Pate of Worcester, and Heath of York more than three? Who could have gathered that the 'courteous' White of Winchester was kept in the Tower till he contracted a deadly sickness, and was then sent to his brother's house to die? That Tunstall of Durham, notwithstanding his 'high reputation and quiet behaviour,' was confined in Parker's house till his death? and that the liberty of Poole of Peterborough consisted in ranging within three miles of London? Yet these things are facts that I shall presently prove. They were known to be facts by Lord Burghley, since he was the chief author of them."

Burghley, then, is the author of the false account, that resting on his undoubted knowledge of the facts and the official manner in which the statement was put forth, naturally gained credence amongst those who knew no better. But a lie is sure

to grow. "Camden, the royal historiographer, wrote thirty years later, yet he could have told the truth if he would. All documents—even the records of the Privy Council—were accessible to him. Besides several positive misstatements, he has adopted, like Lord Burghley, the two forms of deceit—suppression of the truth, and suggestion of what is false. He makes a general eulogy of the old Bishops, as if to display his candour, and then lets the reader conclude that if such men were, for necessary reasons of State, deprived of office, they were at all events treated with eminent courtesy." A long and very detailed passage from Camden justifies this criticism, and Father Bridgett then says, "Burnet, Speed, Heylin, Fuller, Strype, Collier, repeat what Burghley and Camden had told them, each endeavouring to soften the lot of the deposed Bishops more and more. From them the tradition has come down to our own day." Of modern writers Father Bridgett first takes Dean Hook, whose *Life of Parker* contains the following richly gratuitous assertion of Fuller. "These prelates had sweet chambers, soft beds, warm fires, plentiful and wholesome diet, each Bishop faring like an Archbishop, differing nothing from their former living, saving *that* was on their own charges, and *this* at the cost of another." Father Bridgett may well ask, "What could Fuller know about their beds and diet?" And as to Dean Hook himself, he justly says that "there is little excuse for his gross ignorance on a subject he was bound to investigate carefully, after having undertaken to write, in the fullest detail, the lives of the Archbishops of Canterbury. Since his main contention is to prove that those who preceded and those who followed the Reformation form one unbroken series, it belonged essentially to his subject to discover and record accurately the resistance made by the ancient hierarchy to the new doctrines and discipline, and the treatment of the Bishops after their deposition. Yet he seems to have consulted no original documents, and with the exception of the limits placed on Bonner's movements, and the last transfer of Watson to Wisbeach, he knows nothing of imprisonments."

"Canon Perry," Father Bridgett further says, "has managed to compress into a few paragraphs of his sketch of the Reformation in England every error of his predecessors, and I could hardly draw up a better list of statements to be examined and confuted than by transcribing this page of a handbook, provided under high sanction, for the correct and scientific teaching of history in 1886."

The force of the Protestant tradition, which has misled even Dr. Jessopp, is thus fully established. Of Catholics similarly misled, Father Bridgett quotes Charles Butler, "one of the best informed men of his day in Catholic affairs," who sums up his knowledge of the fate of the Bishops in a short paragraph, "every word in which is incorrect." We may omit Mr. S. Hubert Burke, whose *Historical Portraits* can only be regarded as a literary curiosity, a book of "fables on the authority of writers, of whom all that can be said is that their manuscripts and their names were known only to himself." The one example of Charles Butler is perhaps hardly enough to substantiate the statement in general terms, that "even Catholic writers came to acquiesce in the accuracy of the Protestant tradition regarding Elizabeth's gentle courtesy." Lingard "was not so easily misled" as Charles Butler, though his statement contains some errors, but it merely *understates* the amount of the persecution "borne by the deposed Bishops."

"The early writers knew better," says Father Bridgett, "though they had no means of examining records." Dr. Allen, certainly, was not taken in by Burghley on this point, for he answers him, in his book addressed *Ad Persecutores Anglos*, in these words: "Here, then, I stop, adding but one single argument that the Christian reader may perceive how unfortunate our condition is, that we should have to contend with adversaries who are so ready to tell wicked lies—an argument that may serve as an admonition to our adversaries that in their writings against us, though they should lie, and may so hate Catholics that, as they cannot hurt them by the truth, they may be bent on doing so by falsehood, yet at least they should abstain from those lies that are manifest, notorious to all, and actually refuted by their own brethren and ministers at home, and that in common histories and annals printed by themselves, and daily in the hands of all."

After quoting Holinshed, to the effect that in the first year of Elizabeth's reign Archbishop Heath and thirteen or fourteen Bishops were deprived of their bishoprics for refusing the oath of the Queen's supremacy, and in the margin referring to Stow as saying the same, Dr. Allen continues, "Every one must be surprised at that writer's [Burghley's] audacity, for he states positively that this Archbishop 'without any compulsion, than which nothing can be more certain, and of his own accord, as all men know, with the most perfect liberty laid down his offices.' Here there are nearly as many lies as words."

Dr. Allen continues in a strain that shows how the Catholics of that time looked up to the deposed Bishops, and regarded themselves as their true children and representatives. "All this we put down that no man be abused by the enemy to think that the reverend prelates at the first were less zealous (which he calleth more loyal) or more obedient to the prince in lawful things than we their scholars and offspring be; or we less loyal than they, and therefore more punishable than they were. Though indeed their perpetual imprisonment and pining away in miserable desolation, their tossing and shifting from one superintendent's house [*i.e.*, from one Protestant Bishop's] to another, from one keeper to another, from one prison to another, subject to extreme wants and to a thousand daily villanies besides, whereof some of them now have tasted for twenty years together, is worse than any death in the world. This then is a true persecution indeed, when such men, for such causes, against all reason and laws, be so vexed by such as owe them all reverence, duty, and obedience."¹

Dr. Allen "knew better" than to give Elizabeth or her Ministers credit for any gentleness in their dealings with the Bishops, whose only fault was their refusal to admit her supremacy; but his knowledge of detail was not complete. In the margin of the passage given above we have, "An Archbishop and fifteen or sixteen Bishops deposed together." Fifteen, we have learnt from Father Bridgett, was the total number deposed, including the Archbishop of York, not as this note puts it, sixteen or seventeen.

Still greater inaccuracy is to be found in somewhat later statements of Catholics on the Continent, as to the Bishops whom Elizabeth deposed, though of course for their ignorance no one would think of blaming them. Father Bridgett gives three striking instances. In 1583, Dr. Gregory Martin writes to his sister of "twenty-three Bishops all deprived of their livings these twenty years, and now but two of them alive." Two years later, Rishton wrote in order "to preserve the names of these illustrious confessors from oblivion," yet he omits three of the Bishops altogether, naming only twelve. An error of another kind is made by Dr. Champney in 1616.

¹ This last paragraph is quoted by Father Bridgett from Allen's *Sincere and Modest Defence*, p. 171, and is therefore his own English. The preceding quotations from Allen we have translated from Bridgwater's *Concertatio*, fol. 301, 317, not having Allen's English book at hand.

He says that all the sees but Canterbury were vacant by deposition, whereas in truth no less than nine Bishops, besides Cardinal Pole, were saved by death from the coming persecution.

The most singular inaccuracy connected with the Bishops, that we have met with, is not mentioned by Father Bridgett. It is to be found in the inscription of one of the pictures of the English College at Rome, which states that "for the confession of the Roman See and the Catholic faith, eleven Right Reverend Catholic Bishops wasted away and died of the prolonged discomforts of prison."¹

This was written by Father William Good in 1583. Bishop Watson was then alive in England and Bishop Goldwell in Rome. Bishop Cuthbert Scott had died in Louvain in 1565; Bishop Pate in all probability died in Rome in the same year. If these four names are taken from the fifteen, there would be eleven remaining, of the whole number of deposed Bishops. It would seem, therefore, that Father Good thought that they all, without further exception, died in prison. If, however, we turn to Bridgwater, whose *Concertatio* was published in 1588, and therefore after the deaths of Watson and Goldwell, we have, remarkably enough, still eleven Bishops, of whom he says "these all died martyrs in prison."² We have the names of those whom he thus designates: otherwise we should have been inclined to guess that as four died in 1559, they were deducted from the fifteen. But Father Bridgwater's list to our surprise contains the name of Richard Pate, Bishop of Worcester. It is unaccountable that he should be ranked amongst those who *died* in prison. It is true that he was close prisoner in the Tower of London from May 1560 to September 1563, but there cannot be any reasonable doubt that he escaped to the Continent and died there about two years later. Two things make it probable that he died in Rome: his will, drawn up while he was a prisoner in the Tower, if the dates assigned to it be correct,³ is in the English College at Rome, and an annual Mass is still said for him in the College. Besides Pate of Worcester, neither Heath of York, who died at Chobham

¹ *Propter sedis Romana et fidei Catholice confessionem, undecim Rmi. episcopi Catholici ex diuturna carceris molestia contabescentes obierunt*, fol. 30.

² *Hi omnes in vinculis obierunt Martyres.*

³ It seems unlikely that Bishop Pate's money would have been invested in Roman securities while he was in the Tower, or that he would then have chosen for his executor the Bishop of St. Asaph. The will was probably made in Rome.

near Windsor, nor White of Winchester, who died at the house of his brother-in-law, though very likely of disease contracted in the Tower, nor Pole of Peterborough, who seems to have died in a Catholic house in London, nor Oglethorpe of Carlisle, who also died in London, however much the vexation to which they were subjected, can be said to have died in prison. Bourne of Bath and Wells, after much imprisonment, may very possibly have been at large when he died. The date and place of death of Turberville of Exeter are not known. There remain then but four of the eleven, of whom we can be sure that they died in custody: Bonner of London, who died in the Marshalsea, Tunstall of Durham, and Thirlby of Ely, who both died at Lambeth, and Watson of Lincoln, who died at Wisbeach. There still remain the two names of Morgan of St. David's, and Baynes of Lichfield and Coventry, neither of whom are mentioned in Bridgwater's list. They both died in 1559, the one apparently at Godstow, and the other at Islington. Plainly no confidence can be placed in Bridgwater's list, which has been drawn up on very imperfect information. Father Good's "eleven Bishops" cannot be the same as Bridgwater's, as Watson is included in the one case and not in the other; and the only conclusion we can come to is that the eleven of the Roman picture cannot be identified.

Even the habitually accurate Sander, in his book *De Visibili Monarchia*,¹ which was published at Louvain in 1571, says that eight of the English Bishops had died in prison or in exile, and that four were still alive, either detained in custody or abroad. He thus reckons twelve only out of fifteen, the same number that Rishton gives, but whether he has omitted the same three that were omitted by Rishton, it is not possible to say. It would hardly seem probable that they are the same, for Watson was living when he wrote, whom Rishton overlooked, and Heath and Goldwell were still alive. To make up the fourth whom Sander thought to be surviving, we are driven to think that he had not heard of the death of either Thirlby or Turberville, who died in 1570. Pate and Scott had both died abroad, but we do not know who the six were whom he had in his mind as having died in English prisons.

We must leave the old writers, then, in their confusion, and as we look at them, we are all the more thankful to Father

¹ P. 688.

Bridgett for disentangling the skein for us, and setting the whole story before us clear and distinct and trustworthy, as far as it goes. The interest of the two fuller lives given in this volume, Bishop Watson's by Father Bridgett, and Bishop Goldwell's by the late Father Knox, makes us long for equally full narratives of some of the others. Tunstall of Durham and Bonner of London may yet find friendly biographers, and certainly no one who writes about them, can possibly ignore Father Bridgett's researches. And we cannot help hoping, too, that such a writer as Father Bridgett may give us some day all that is known of the Bishop *in partibus* before the Reformation and the "suffragan" Bishops of towns in English dioceses, whom Henry substituted for them, which arrangement Cardinal Pole does not seem to have changed. Father Bridgett hints at interesting things respecting the "stiff papistry" of Robert Pursglove, Bishop of Hull.

We proceed to draw a little further on the stores of this most welcome little book. Strype, who himself says that in 1560 he finds "six of them [the deposed Bishops] together with an Abbot and a Dean in the Tower" at page 211 of the first volume of his *Annals*, at page 206 of the same volume had been bold enough to "doubt whether any of the Bishops were imprisoned after deprivation." That imprisonment, when Strype mentions it, he airily describes as "for some time in the year," during which "they were now permitted to come together for their meals," and "after a time they were all committed to easier restraints and some restored to their perfect liberty." As Father Bridgett describes it, in Strype's view it was "a few months' community or collegiate life in the Tower in 1560"—so insignificant a restraint that "in his particular account of each Bishop even this is omitted." It is true that in September, 1560, the Privy Council permitted Parker to allow them to dine at two tables, *should he approve it*. It can only be concluded that Parker "the tolerant" did not approve it; for in June, 1562, when they had been already cooped up in the Tower for two years, the Lieutenant of the Tower wrote to the Lords of the Council that they were "close and severally kept." What these words mean few can now conceive. The Venerable Philip Earl of Arundel, when dying, told the Lieutenant, "Your commission is only to keep with safety, not to kill with severity."¹ A close prisoner in the Tower got what the Earl called "very hard

¹ *Life*, published by the late Duke of Norfolk, p. 118.

measure." Mr. Froude rightly styled it "the living death of the Tower." Dr. Allen counted the life the deposed Bishops led in England as worse than death. And this can, by the power of a false tradition, be transformed into treatment that proves nothing but the gentle courtesy of Elizabeth! Burghley's praises of the Bishops only serve to show how unjustifiable was such punishment of men, who not only were untried and uncondemned, but against whom not even an accusation could be brought.

Even that portion of their imprisonment which was spent in the custody of various Protestant Bishops is clearly shown by Father Bridgett to have been very different from what it has been described. Bishop Andrewes, for instance, says that "they lived free of cost, in plenty, in ease, and with no discomfort." Their rightful revenues were taken from them, and they lived "free of cost" as our prisoners live at the expense of their country. As to the plenty, ease, and comfort, we have the orders of the Privy Council to enable us to judge of that: "to have his diet by himself alone in his chamber, and that in no superfluity, but after the spare manner of scholars' commons; none to have access to him except his attendants; that he have such books of sound divinity as you are able to lend him, and no other; that he have no liberty to walk abroad to take the air, but when yourself is at best leisure to go with him or accompanied with such as you shall appoint; that you do your endeavours to bring him to the hearing of sermons and other exercises of religion in your house and the chapel or church which you frequent." Lord Henry Howard wrote to Burghley, in 1572, from Lambeth, that he would rather have an open imprisonment in the Fleet than close keeping in the Archbishop's palace. Yet how much more galling for the venerable Bishops must have been the efforts to undermine their faith when deprived of all the comforts of their religion, than the other privations of seclusion under the charge of a Protestant Bishop.

We must content ourselves with one more recourse to Father Bridgett's help. Dean Stanley, in his *Historical Memorials of Westminster Abbey*,¹ has the amazing statement that at the funeral of Queen Mary, "Bishop White preached on the text 'A living dog is better than a dead lion.'" Miss Strickland writes about that sermon, and Father Bridgett's comment on her

¹ London, 1869, Third Edition, p. 179.

account of it is that "everything in this passage is incorrect;" yet Miss Strickland's numerous errors are hardly so striking as this flagrant falsehood of the apostle of the picturesque. Father Bridgett quotes the sermon, and the answer to so widespread an untruth we may well repeat. "Queen Elizabeth does not seem to have been present, but the Bishop spoke in every way honourably of her: 'Let us comfort ourselves in the other sister whom God hath left, wishing her a prosperous reign, in peace and tranquillity.' . . . The words about the live dog and dead lion occur in a different part of the sermon, and a meaning is given them that could by no possibility reflect on the Queen. 'One living dog,' says White, 'one vigilant minister in the Church barking against sin and heresy, is better than ten dreaming dead lions, or great ecclesiastics who let things take their course.'"

We may in conclusion venture on a suggestion, not to our author himself, but to his readers. Father Bridgett gives a letter, relating to the will of Bishop Cuthbert Tunstall, but he does not say who wrote the letter (p. 59). The writer was evidently Parker himself. It is signed "M. El. C.," that is to say "Matthew Elect. Cantuar." Its date is November 18, [1559], and December 17 in that year is the day assigned for such consecration as Matthew Parker ever received. His election, such as it was, by the Dean of Canterbury and four Canons had taken place on the 1st of August. Bishops sign themselves "Elect" between their election and their consecration; Archbishops until they receive the pallium. Parker was not about to obtain the pallium by false oaths, as Cranmer did; so he naturally conformed himself to the usages of Bishops and called himself, as Father Bridgett calls him, "Archbishop-elect." Many readers would require help to decipher Matthew Parker's name in the signature "M. El. C."

We have one grievance against Father Bridgett, and only one. Twice he has occasion to refer to the letters written by him in the *Tablet* newspaper, exposing the forgeries of Robert Ware in *The Hunting of the Romish Fox*, published in Dublin in 1683. These forgeries were adopted by Strype and are found in most modern historians. Yet Father Bridgett says, "I do not think it necessary to repeat their refutation here." He must pardon us for differing from him strongly on this point. It is hard that we should be referred to the files of a newspaper for a series of papers of high historical value,

and we sincerely hope that a new edition¹ of *The True History of the Catholic Hierarchy* may soon be called for, and that in it they may find their place, so as to be henceforward easy of access to all students of history. They throw a rare light on the great Protestant tradition.

JOHN MORRIS.

¹ In reprinting Father Knox's *Life of Bishop Goldwell*, the year of Mary's death should be given as 1558, not 1559 (p. 226). And "Jodocadoc, wife of our steward" (p. 251) should be "Jodoca Loe" or "Lowe." "Sherwold," on the same page, is a misprint for "Sherwood." These clerical errors date from the appearance of the *Life* in our own pages. The signature of the Bishop should be printed "Thomas Asaphen," not "Thomas, Asaphens." (p. 228.) The same remark applies to other signatures (pp. 57, 100).

The Children's Charter.

IT is characteristic of the sentimentality which to a great extent governs public opinion in this country, that the Bill which received the Royal assent on the 26th of August last, and which has been appropriately called the "Children's Charter," should have been postponed until long after all the grievances, great and small, which animals have to encounter in their service of man had been dealt with and legislated for by Parliament. "Although," as Lord Herschell pointed out in the House of Lords, "hitherto it has been an offence to work a horse when its condition makes that work torture to the animal, it has been no offence to treat a child in that way." The object of the Bill, he said, was to extend to children that protection which had long been afforded to animals. We have been for some time straining at gnats, but have only just made up our minds no longer to swallow camels. It was certainly high time the matter was taken up, for the amount of cruelty practised on children was, as the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, at whose instance Mr. Mundella introduced the Bill into the House of Commons, has shown, truly alarming in extent and revolting in the details which were brought to light.

The first section of the new Act renders liable to fine or imprisonment, or both,¹ any person over sixteen years of age who, having the custody or charge of a boy under fourteen, or a girl under sixteen, wilfully ill-treats, neglects, abandons, or exposes the child in a manner likely to cause unnecessary suffering, or injury to its health; and the conviction may be either on indictment, or by a Court of Summary Jurisdiction.

We suppose that this section is considered sufficient to cover neglect by omitting to provide medical aid; because the section

¹ The maximum fines and terms of imprisonment, with or without hard labour for offences under this section are: on conviction on indictment £100, or two years, or both; on conviction by a Court of Summary Jurisdiction £25, or three months, or both.

of the Poor Law Amendment Act, 1868, which dealt with this subject is repealed. In all probability also it will be no better excuse under the new Act than it was under the repealed section of the old, to plead an objection on religious grounds to provide medical attendance for the child. Under the old Act, upon the trial¹ of an indictment for manslaughter, it was proved that the prisoner was the father, and had the custody, of a child who had been ill and wasting for eight or nine months from chronic inflammation of the lungs and pleura. The prisoner belonged to a sect, the "Peculiar People," which objected to medical advice in cases of illness, but called in the Elders of their Church to pray over the sick person. In this case the Elder called in happened to be an engine driver, and "he prayed over the child and anointed it with oil!" The infant was fed with port wine, eggs, arrowroot, and other strengthening food, but had no medical treatment, and died. The Court for the Consideration of Crown Cases Reserved held that the prisoner had been properly convicted of manslaughter.

In the second section an attempt has been made partially to deal with the important subject of infant life insurance, and it provides that the Court shall have a discretion to increase the fine to £200, on its being shown that a person convicted on indictment of ill-treating a child, knew that he or she would receive a sum of money (through insurance or otherwise) in the event of the child's death.

Section three² prescribes punishment for persons who procure children, of the respective ages above mentioned, to be in the streets begging, or receiving alms under pretence of singing, offering things for sale, or otherwise; thus putting a stop to the cruelty to which children were exposed, who were sent out into the streets to obtain money by fair means or foul, and severely beaten and ill-treated by their brutal parents if they failed to realize the required amount.

The same section³ prevents children of the ages mentioned from performing, or selling things, between ten o'clock at night and five in the morning, in the streets, or in premises licensed for the sale of intoxicating liquors, other than premises licensed according to law for public entertainments. These hours may, however, be extended or restricted by the local authority.

It is, moreover, made⁴ an offence to cause a child, under the

¹ Regina v. Downes, L.R. 1 Q.B.D. 25.

² Subsection (a).

³ Subsection (b).

⁴ Subsection (c).

age of ten, to be at any time in any street, public-house, or place of public amusement, to which the public are admitted by payment, for the purpose of singing, performing, or offering things for sale. The maximum penalty for any offence under this section is £25, or three months' imprisonment, or both.

This last clause gave rise to much discussion in both Houses, as to whether children under ten should, or should not, be allowed to perform in theatres and music-halls. The first question which naturally arose was, whether the State ought to interfere in such matters at all, unless a very strong case were made out. Ought not the parents to be primarily responsible for the care and management of their children? But we think Mr. Fowler (the Member for Wolverhampton E.) was right when he replied, that a wise, humane, and Christian State justly claims to regulate these things; and the State having already exercised the right in this country by passing the Factory Acts, the true question seemed to be, ought children of tender years, who are already wisely and beneficially forbidden to work in factories and in the fields, to be allowed to work in theatres, or indeed at all?

One of the arguments advanced in favour of such employment for young children was, that without their aid certain plays, such as the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, *Olivia*, *Masks and Faces*, and pantomimes, could not be so perfectly represented as they have hitherto been. But this really seems too frivolous for serious consideration, for of course the amusement of the British public, however important it may appear to some, cannot be allowed for one moment to weigh against the welfare of our children. Still less worthy of notice is the foolish contention that, as the children themselves like performing in theatres, it cannot be any injury to them. We never before heard the maxim *Volenti non fit injuria* applied to infants!

The really solid arguments employed against the clause were, that the earnings of the children, especially during the winter months, when expenses are heavy and employment difficult to find, are of great assistance to their parents, and go to improve the home for both old and young, and that the children themselves are better fed and clothed than they would be at home; and that they are subjected to some kind of regularity and discipline which must be beneficial to them. These points, no doubt, deserve attention.

It was also urged that the object of the measure under

consideration was not to prescribe the best method of rearing, or of employing children, but to prevent cruelty towards them, and not one single instance of cruelty has ever been known in a theatre. The training for acrobatic performances doubtless involved cruelty, upon that all were agreed; not so, however, the training for the theatre; there we were told, the children are only likely to be spoiled by an excess of kindness and sugar-plums. The answer, however, was that it was desired to prevent, not only acts of physical cruelty, but also permanent moral, mental, and physical injury to children; and, in order to emphasize this, it was thought well that the title of the Bill should be changed, so as to make it one, not only for the prevention of cruelty, but "for the Prevention of Cruelty to, and Protection of, Children;" and this, with the addition of 1889, is the short title of the Act. Now this, it is true, seems but a fumbling method of legislating, and the better way would have been to have brought about the required change relative to the employment of children in places of entertainment by an extension of the Factory Acts, but when we consider all the difficulties which have to be encountered in passing a Bill through both Houses at all, we must be thankful for what we can get, and not criticize too narrowly the methods by which it is gotten.

Now the question of the moral danger to children of tender years engaged in theatres, does not seem to us to be very relevant; first, because the influences surrounding them in theatres are often no worse, and in the case of many of the poorest, probably much better, than those in their own homes; and secondly, it is absurd to argue that a child of nine and a half is in greater moral danger than one of ten and a half.

The true objections to this kind of employment seem to be, that the excitement and tension of the theatrical training and performances, together with the late hours and weary journeys home at night, are so injurious to the nerves and health of young children, as to render the little actors unfit for their lessons during the day, while in most instances the kind of life and surroundings bring about a disinclination for any employment in later years but that of a ballet-girl.

These considerations, if facts confirm them, certainly outweigh all others. Better food and clothing, and a little monetary help to parents, do not count for much, if employment at the theatre really involves injury to nerves and physique,

and a complete inability to take up any employment of a useful kind in after-life. "When Flossy," as Mr. Winterbotham said in the House, quoting from the *Entracte*, "has put on gorgeous raiment for the theatre, and has taken ever so small a part in a successful scene, her affection for sewing buttons on her brother's shirt is very small."

It seems satisfactory to find that a middle course has been adopted between the two extreme views. After the 1st of this month, children under ten are no longer allowed to perform in theatres or music-halls; except where a licence is granted by a Petty Sessional Court (or in Scotland the School Board), in the case of a child over seven, when it appears that, subject to reasonable restrictions, the child in question is fit to take part in any particular entertainment or series of entertainments. Provision is made for inspectors under the Factory and Workshop Act, 1878, to see that the conditions of any such licence are complied with.

The next clause provides for the taking into custody of any one committing an offence under this Act in view of a constable, and for the protection of the child in "a place of safety," that is, a workhouse, or other place certified by the local authority for the purpose, until the matter can be brought before a court of summary jurisdiction.

Section five, dealing with the disposal of the child by order of the court, has been called the Barnardo clause, but is the one of greatest interest and importance to Catholics. Its effect is as follows: Where the person having the custody or control of a boy under fourteen, or of a girl under sixteen has been

- (a) convicted of ill-treating or neglecting the child; or
- (b) has been committed for trial for such an offence; or
- (c) bound over to keep the peace towards such child,

any one may bring the infant before a Petty Sessional Court, and if found expedient, an order may be made that the child be taken out of the custody of such person, and committed to the charge of a relation or other fit person named by the court, but no such order shall be made unless the parent, guardian, or person legally responsible for the child's maintenance is presumably unfit to have the custody, on account of being, under committal for trial for having been concerned, or has been proved to have been concerned, in the offence, or has been bound over to keep the peace towards the child.

Case (b) at first sight seems a hard one, for the accused person

may have been erroneously put on his trial; but it is necessary to make sure of the safety of the infant; and moreover, it is provided, that if the accused is in the end acquitted, or the charge is dismissed for want of prosecution, the order made by the Petty Sessional Court shall be void, except with regard to anything which may have been lawfully done under it.

The section continues: "In determining on the person to whom the child shall be so committed, the court shall endeavour to ascertain the religious persuasion to which the child belongs, and shall, if possible, select a person of the same religious persuasion, and such religious persuasion shall be specified in the order; and in any case where the child has been placed pursuant to any such order, with a person not of the same religious persuasion as that to which the child belongs, the court shall, on the application of any person in that behalf, and on its appearing that a fit person of the same religious persuasion is willing to undertake the charge, make an order to secure his being placed with a person of the same religious persuasion."

There may sometimes be a difficulty in finding out that a child is, or ought to be, a Catholic, but there will be no excuse for us if we do not make sure that in every town of importance, there is at least one person known to be willing to take the custody of such children as the court may find to be Catholics.

So long as the order of the court is in force, the person to whom the child is committed has all the powers of a parent, and can resist the claims of the parent or guardian to the custody of the infant. The person appointed is responsible for the maintenance of the child, but (with one exception¹) the parent may always be compelled to contribute.²

It will be seen that a tremendous power has been given to Petty Sessional Courts. Hitherto when it was desired to remove a child from the custody of its parent, the only course has been to apply to a Judge of the Chancery Division of the High Court, in Chambers, for the appointment of a guardian; this constituted

¹ "Provided that if the order to commit the child to the charge of some relation or other person be made in respect of any person having been committed for trial for an offence, as specified in subsection (1) (b) of this section, the court shall not be empowered to order the parent of the child to contribute to its maintenance prior to the trial of such person."

² Sec. 5 subs. (3) provides that a Secretary of State, the Secretary for Scotland, and the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, may discharge the child from the custody of the person to whom it is committed under this section, and may make or alter any rules in relation to children so committed to any person, and to the duties of such persons towards such children.

the child a ward of court, and a strong case had to be made out in order to induce the court to interfere with the father. The rule was to uphold the father's authority, unless he had forfeited his right to the custody and control of his children "by moral misconduct, or the profession of immoral or irreligious opinions." Lord Esher once said, "I am not prepared to say that the patience of the court in the case of its ward might not be exhausted by other conduct of the father—by cruelty to a great extent, or pitiless spitefulness to a great extent, . . . but the court could not interfere on such grounds as these, except in the utmost need and in the most extreme case." This was said in 1883. No doubt now, since the passing of the Guardianship of Infants Act, 1886, the court would interfere more readily in a case of cruelty if the application were made by the mother, or guardian; but still the proceedings would involve considerable expense. Now, as we have seen, in cases falling under the Act of this year, a Stipendiary Magistrate, or two Justices of the Peace, can, where expedient, order a change of custody. The same authority also, or in cases of urgency one Justice of the Peace, can, where there is ground for suspicion, issue a warrant authorizing a search to be made in any house or place (and the entry may be by force if necessary), and if a child is found to have been, or to be, ill-treated or neglected, it may be removed and kept in a place of safety, until it can be brought before a court of summary jurisdiction, and the warrant issued may also order the apprehension of the accused person.

In the following sections two points in the law of evidence are treated in a manner similar to that adopted in the Criminal Law Amendment Act, 1885; and it is to be regretted that the changes have been made as it were by a side wind, in special Acts of Parliament dealing with totally different subjects, and not separately as amendments of the law of evidence. They are, however, confined in their operation to proceedings under these two Acts. The seventh section of the present Act provides that the accused person, and his or her husband or wife, shall be competent, but not compellable, to give evidence. The theory of the old Common Law was to reject the evidence of interested persons, while the tendency of modern legislation has been to admit, for what it is worth, all the evidence that can be got.

Speaking on this subject, the Home Secretary, Mr. Matthews, said: "A husband has now been enabled to give evidence both in civil and criminal cases, but at a heavy price, as the result

has been to encourage perjury. Evidence given by persons who have a direct interest in a case is regarded as eminently untrustworthy. If you put a wife into the box to give evidence against her husband, she will in all probability prevaricate and deny ; it is extremely unlikely that she will give trustworthy evidence. But, on the whole, I agree with the Right Honourable gentleman in charge of the Bill, that having once embarked on the course of endeavouring to get evidence from those who know the facts, although they may have every possible motive for concealing them, it is most important that the chief object of making them competent witnesses should not fail. But I believe that the proposal is a novel and dangerous one ; and although it is suggested that in many cases the wife would be willing to give evidence if compelled, yet the putting her in the box might expose her to maltreatment at the hands of the most guilty party and place her in a position of divided duty."

The eighth section admits (in England and Ireland) the evidence of children of tender years, although not given upon oath. The discussion in the House of Commons on this point, naturally brought out one version of the old story of the late Mr. Justice Maule trying to ascertain whether a certain juvenile witness understood the nature of an oath. The child acknowledged that she knew she must speak the truth. His Lordship : "And what will happen to you if you do not?" Child : "I shall go to the naughty place." His Lordship : "Oh, it is evident she knows far more about it than I do ; let her be sworn"! The present section provides that the evidence of the child alleged to be injured, or of any other child, even though it do not understand the nature of an oath, may be received, though not given upon oath, if the child is of sufficient intelligence, and understands the duty of speaking the truth. No one, however, can be convicted on such evidence, unless the testimony of the child is corroborated by some other material evidence implicating the accused. Provision is made for the punishment of children who give false evidence.

The Act gives a right of appeal from a summary conviction to General or Quarter Sessions ; or, in Scotland, to the High Court of Justiciary.

Nothing in the statute is to be construed to take away or affect the right of any parent, teacher, or other person having the lawful charge of a child, to administer punishment to it.

We have now glanced at the principal provisions of this important Act of Parliament, and having regard to the crying evil it seeks to remedy, we think it cannot be placed in the category of unnecessary legislation. Parents, no doubt, should be responsible for the well-being of their children ; and being their natural guardians, they, as a rule, know far better than the State what is good for their offspring ; but when they prove themselves to be unnatural guardians, it is time for the law to step in and snatch the little ones from injury and ruin.

Let us hope with Lord Herschell that this statute will diminish the area of child-suffering, bring within the reach of justice many a cruel torturer of defenceless children, and confer happiness on many a life beyond what would otherwise be attainable.

W. C. MAUDE.

Father Bernard, C.SS.R.

"He was mighty in word and work before God and all the people."
(St. Luke xxiv. 19.)

BERNARD JOSEPH HAFKENSCHIED was born on Saturday, December 12, 1807.¹ His father, Michael Hafkenscheid, left the paternal roof at an early age, and went to Amsterdam, in order to seek his fortune there. By dint of incessant industry and close application to business, he amassed considerable wealth. His wife, Catherine Adelaide Weber, was, like himself, remarkable for piety, and the liberality of both husband and wife was so great that they were counted among the most charitable of the Catholics of Amsterdam. Of their twelve children, six died whilst still quite young; the remaining six lived to imitate the virtues of their parents, and thus to reward them for the care bestowed on their training and education.

Bernard, the third member of this numerous family and the subject of the present sketch, was from his earliest years distinguished for his unusual piety, his warm affection for his parents, and his bright and joyous disposition. When he was missing from the playground, his companions felt that the life of their sports had gone with him. "Where is *Nard*?² Isn't *Nard* coming soon?" was the invariable inquiry. But his greatest delight was to collect all the members of his parents' household, and "play at being a priest," as he expressed it. His devout and recollected bearing, and the exactness with which he went through every ceremony of the Mass, never failed to strike the beholders. On these occasions he frequently delivered a discourse appropriate to the day, and we are told that, before he was ten years old, he preached on the feast of the Holy Name of Jesus a sermon which moved his parents to

¹ *Vie du R. P. Bernard, C.SS.R.* Par M. J. A. Lans, Prêtre et Professeur au petit séminaire de Harlem. Traduite du hollandais par un Père Rédemptoriste. V. Casterman, Tournai, 1882.

² The name by which he was familiarly known.

tears ; so tender and profound was the love of our Lord unconsciously betrayed by the simple words of their youthful son, whose desire to be a priest never wavered, but, on the contrary, grew and strengthened with every advancing year.

In the autumn of 1820 he entered the Seminary of Hageveld, where at once he felt completely in his element. The practised and scrutinizing eye of the Rector, Dr. Van Bommel, soon saw that the new student was cast in no ordinary mould, but that his force of character, superior talents, and solid piety, qualified him to become a valuable labourer in the Church's field. He made rapid progress in his various studies, being generally at the head of the class, and was a favourite with both masters and fellow-pupils, in spite of the hasty temper and thoughtless tongue, which he strove, too often vainly, to control and keep in check. These faults did not escape the notice of the Rector, and Bernard was ever ready in later life to acknowledge how much he owed to his wise reproofs. Nor did the influence thus exercised for good end with Bernard's residence at the Seminary, for when Dr. Van Bommel at a subsequent period became Bishop of Liège, we shall find his former pupil a member of the Redemptorist community in that city.

Bernard had spent about five years at Hageveld, when unforeseen political events compelled the closing of the Seminary, to the grief of all fervent Catholics throughout the kingdom of the Netherlands. William the First was at that time King, and being sincerely attached to the Protestant religion, he desired as far as possible to suppress Catholicism within his dominions. Like all the enemies of God and of His Church, he felt that the surest means to the attainment of this end was to secularize the education of those preparing for the priesthood. Several royal decrees were in consequence issued, with a view to the establishment of places of education for the Catholic clergy, the State reserving to itself the nomination of professors and the entire control of the courses of study. The first course was to be gone through at the *Collège philosophique* of Louvain, and the direction of this College was offered to the former Rector of Hageveld. The measure had a two-fold object, being intended in the first place to throw dust in the eyes of Catholics, and thus blind them in part, at least, to the gravity of the situation, and, in the second, to attract to the new College as many as possible of the seminarists, by whom Dr. Van Bommel had been universally esteemed and beloved. The latter was, however, not to be so

easily deceived. He clearly saw the real aim of this flattering proposal, and firmly refused to fall in with it, even though the King sent for him and urged his acceptance of the offered post. Through his example and influence, the students whom he had trained at Hageveld chose rather to pursue their studies in a foreign land than to attempt to carry them on within the walls of an institution where their faith and morals would have been alike imperilled.

Bernard returned home, and for the next three years lived under his parents' roof, continuing his studies with the utmost diligence under the superintendence of a quondam Professor of the Seminary, who had now fixed his residence in Amsterdam. During this period, Bernard's companion in study was John Theodore Beelen (afterwards Mgr. Beelen), whose acquaintance he had made at the Seminary, and who became his closest friend and, as we shall see, accompanied him to Rome. In 1828, the vocation of Bernard to the sacerdotal state becoming every day more undoubted, and all hope of the re-opening of the Seminaries being in abeyance, his parents consulted several priests of mature experience, and at length it was arranged that he should go to Rome together with his friend John Beelen. On the 28th of September the travellers set out for the Eternal City, accompanied by the prayers and blessings of their parents and relatives. After spending upwards of three weeks on the journey, they reached their destination in safety on the 20th of November. As a matter of course their first care was to find a suitable lodging. This task, so difficult in appearance, proved in reality easier than could have been imagined, owing to the paternal kindness of His Holiness Leo the Twelfth, who interested himself greatly in the welfare of all seminarists who were compelled by the vexatious oppression of a Protestant Government to leave Holland in order to finish their studies at the Roman College. Mgr. Caprano had been specially instructed to receive and look after such strangers, and by him Bernard and his companion were most kindly welcomed. They were introduced to a French priest, Father Lacroix, who literally gave himself no rest until he had discovered a dwelling desirable for them in all respects, and situated, moreover, in a street bearing this auspicious title: *Via dell' Angelo Custode*.

Here they resided during three years and a half, adhering with the utmost punctuality to the rule of life they drew up for themselves, going but little into society, avoiding places of

public amusement, and devoting themselves with ardour to study. In a letter to his mother, Bernard gives the following account of his daily routine :

I rise at seven, breakfast, and at eight set out for the College, which is only about ten minutes' walk from here. Lectures last for two hours and a half, after which we hear Mass in a church adjoining the College. Then every one goes home to dinner, the time for which is half-past eleven. At two lectures begin again, and, as in the morning, occupy two hours and a half. About five, each student retires to his own room, in order to spend the evening over his books. (pp. 32, 33.)

During the vacations, Bernard usually took occasion to visit some celebrated shrine or special point of beauty or interest in Italy. He also devoted a considerable portion of his leisure to the study of music, for which he had early shown no ordinary talent. Owing to his fine voice he was chosen to sing the solos in the chapel of the Roman College, to the choir of which he had from his first arrival belonged. His performances drew crowds to the Sunday afternoon services, and soon became celebrated throughout the city, from all parts of which people thronged to hear the *Cantore olandese*. "*Che bellissima voce ! Che bellissima voce !*" was repeated over and over again. On the occasion of a vacancy in the Pontifical choir, Bernard successfully competed for the post, but was, to his great regret, compelled to relinquish the honour he had won, on learning that before entering on his duties, he would be required to sign an engagement binding him to fulfil them for a period of twenty-five years.

The remarkable mental power he possessed soon made him one of the most distinguished among the students at the College, and procured for him numerous triumphs. At the end of his first year a dissertation, *De seria Dei voluntate salvandi omnes omnino homines*, directed against the fifth proposition of Jansenius as condemned by the Church, gained for him the silver medal in dogmatic theology. At the close of his second year, he received the first prizes for both moral and dogmatic theology, and also for proficiency in the Hebrew language. During his third year, he resolved to compete for no more medals, but to aim only at the completion of his theological studies, and he attained the object of his desires, namely, the degree of licentiate in theology.

In the year 1831 he was ordained deacon on Holy Saturday, and on the 17th of March in the following year he received

priest's orders. He said his first Mass on the feast of St. Joseph, and passed in total retirement the remainder of the day. The remembrance of it was ever dear to him, the deep and solemn impressions then made upon him losing nothing of their vividness, as time went by. Thirty years later, he was closing a mission on that very anniversary, and though he had only a single sermon to preach, and that in the evening, he spent the whole morning in prayer before the Blessed Sacrament. When asked by his colleagues the reason of his prolonged absence, he simply answered, "To-day is the thirtieth anniversary of my ordination to the priesthood."

The young priest gathered his last and fairest laurels in the following April, when by the unanimous voice of the examiners he was proclaimed *Doctor Romanus*. That he remained as simple and affectionate as ever is proved by the following extract from a letter written to his mother, on her fifty-first birthday :

How I wish that I could take my place among your children as they throng around you ! How I wish that I could unite my voice to theirs, as they offer you their heartfelt congratulations, and express their love and veneration ! How I wish I could take my part in the family festival, which is one of the happiest days of the year ! Your children will do their utmost to give you pleasure, and I, alas ! shall not be able to help them. I can only offer you my prayers ; but, dearest mother, I have full confidence that the prayers which children offer for their parents never fail to be heard and granted, and thus I believe that mine will become for you a fresh and fertile source of blessings. May God preserve you to us for many years to come, since the older you grow, the dearer do you become to us, and never can your grateful children cease to remember the loving care with which you guided their infant steps in the ways of God ! (pp. 52, 53.)

It may readily be imagined with what joy the parents looked forward to welcoming their son once more after an absence of nearly four years. They anticipated that, after a brief stay at home, he would be appointed to the charge of some parish not very far distant from Amsterdam. But God had other designs for His servant, and Bernard closed the letter in which he announced to his father his approaching ordination, with the following significant words, the latter of which he underlined : "Let us unite our prayers in order that when I stand at the altar I may be clothed with the Spirit of God, *and that His holy will may be accomplished in me.*"

In what manner, or at what period, the desire to enter the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer first awoke within his heart, is a secret which must remain for ever hidden between God and his own soul. It appears, however, that the study of the works of St. Alphonsus Liguori had inspired him with a strong affection for the great Doctor of the Church; this feeling was greatly strengthened and increased by the sight of the honours paid him by the Church, when his statue was placed in St. Peter's, among those of the founders of religious orders. Prostrate before the altar in the Church of Sant-Andrea-della-Valle, and bathed in tears, he one day formed a firm resolution to offer himself to the Redemptorist Fathers, confirming his resolution at the same time by a vow. This seems to have occurred shortly before his ordination; almost immediately afterwards, he knocked at the monastery door. The community consisted at that time of three Fathers only, being under the jurisdiction of Father Mantone, Procurator-General of the Congregation. This latter received the applicant with apparent indifference, bidding him think the matter over, and call again in the course of a few days. When Father Bernard made his second appearance, scarcely any hope was held out to him of being received into the Novitiate. "You are a native of Holland," Father Mantone remarked, "so you would have to learn German as there are no Redemptorists in your country. I am expecting two of our Fathers from Vienna to arrive here before long, you had better consult them about your vocation." These discouragements had no effect upon Bernard, who called upon the German Fathers as soon as possible after their arrival in Rome. One of them, Father Czech, had a long conversation with him, and was speedily convinced, not only of the reality of his vocation, but of the great use he would be to the Congregation. Father Czech therefore promised to write at once to the Vicar-General,¹ Father Passerat, advising Bernard to pay meanwhile his intended visit to his parents, and promising that Father Passerat's answer should be forwarded to him immediately upon its arrival.

On May 7, 1832, he accordingly quitted Rome. He went first of all to Liège, in order to see and confer with his former teacher and guide, Mgr. Van Bommel, now Bishop of that city. The meeting was on both sides a most cordial and affectionate

¹ This office and title were suppressed in 1855, at which period the General of the Congregation fixed his residence at Rome.

one; Mgr. Van Bommel was so delighted with his old pupil that he wished to keep him in his diocese, and offered him a professorship in the Catholic University, which had just been founded by the Belgian Episcopate. But when Bernard had opened his heart to him, the firm conviction and ardent enthusiasm with which he spoke of his desire to embrace the religious life, induced the good Bishop to recognize the finger of God in the young priest's vocation. "The servant must yield to the Master," he said; "go in peace, my dear Bernard. But I must have you back here some day, for I hope to establish the Redemptorists in my diocese at no very distant date." Father Bernard reached home in July, and it may be imagined with what joy and gratitude he was welcomed. On the 26th he sang High Mass for the first time in the church dedicated to "Faith Hope, and Charity," on which occasion there was a large gathering of relatives and friends, and a family festival was held. His path was however, during his visit anything but a smooth one. Though his father had given his consent to his desire to enter the Redemptorist Order, when the latter had written to him from Rome upon the subject, he yet seemed half-inclined to retract his sacrifice, when Bernard was once more by his side, enabling him to realize the delight it would be to keep his favourite child permanently in the vicinity of Amsterdam. Many of his acquaintances strove hard to dissuade the future missionary from the way of life to which he firmly believed that God was calling him, and truly thankful did he feel when the arrival of a letter from Father Passerat put an end to these wearisome expostulations, by announcing to him that his request was granted and that he would be received into the Novitiate. This letter Father Bernard kept until his death, ever regarding it as one of his most precious treasures. His departure was arranged for the end of September, but before taking a final leave of his family, he yielded to the wish they naturally felt to hear his voice from the pulpit, and preached his first sermon on the Eighteenth Sunday after Pentecost. The Gospel for the day is the miraculous cure of the man sick of the palsy; the preacher took for the subject of his discourse the advantages of suffering, its merit, and its glorious reward. The next morning the last adieux were uttered, and he at length was able to turn his face towards the place where he had so long dwelt in spirit.

After a journey of about two months, he reached Vienna,

and on November 2, 1832, entered the Novitiate, which was situated at a place called Weinhaus, a short distance from the capital. At first all went well with him, so that after a few weeks he wrote as follows to his parents: "I am in excellent health, full of courage, and in the best possible spirits. Over the door of my room is inscribed in large letters: 'Contentment.' And I can truly say that I have found more happiness within these walls than I had ever experienced during my whole life before. God grant that all the months of my novitiate may pass as pleasantly!"

Many trials, and trials too of a kind to which a character like his is peculiarly sensitive, became his portion ere long. With his ardent and impulsive temperament, unusual talents and advanced attainments, the new novice who, let it be remembered, was already a priest and Doctor of Theology, found it no easy task to tread, day by day, and hour by hour, the thorny path of humiliation, mortification, and renunciation of self. He had great difficulty in refraining from excusing or justifying himself, when found fault with by his Superiors or companions. Notwithstanding his great superiority to almost all the other novices, he was frequently reproached, whilst reading the Scriptures aloud in the refectory, with his ignorance of Latin and defective pronunciation, a younger novice who was not a priest being sent to take his place, whilst he was ordered to go in the course of the day and receive instruction in the language he understood so well, from some one not half so proficient in it as himself. Sometimes when present at the sermons delivered by the novices, he could not restrain himself from strong expressions of disapprobation at the ignorance they displayed, or the faulty arguments they put forward, but when reproved on this account, he always answered in a spirit of submission. His Superiors did not spare him, and in his later years, he used frequently when preaching retreats, to speak of the various humiliations he had undergone, expressing himself in grateful terms in regard to the benefit he had derived from them. One instance he was specially fond of relating, we will give in his own words:

Father Passerat was a man of no ordinary virtue, he was quite a saint! Nevertheless, he seemed to take special pleasure in humiliating me. I remember that he asked us one day why God had created so many beautiful things. Each of us had to give his opinion in turn, but no one hit upon the right answer. I flattered myself I had discovered

it, and could hardly wait until the time came for me to speak, so eager was I to express my idea. But when the moment arrived at length, Father Passerat imposed silence upon me : "It is useless for you to say anything either," he remarked ; "you do not know the right answer better than the rest." (pp. 95, 96.)

Father Bernard was a man who could do nothing by halves. He had resolved to give himself entirely to God, and he allowed no difficulties to daunt, no trials to discourage him. To his fellow-novices he was a constant subject of edification, he spared no pains whenever he thought he could serve them or do them good. This he accomplished sometimes in a rather original manner, but he always did it without giving offence, as the following incident shows. One of the novices had been but lately received into the Church, and though very good and pious, he lacked the energy and thoroughness to purge himself entirely of the old leaven, so that many traces of the heresy he had abjured still clung about him. Father Bernard came to his help after a fashion which proved very efficacious, for whenever his companion said or did anything which showed he had formerly been a Protestant, Bernard used to exclaim in a tone of good-humoured banter, "Ah ! you old Huguenot !"

Father Bernard was clothed on the feast of the Immaculate Conception, 1832, his novitiate having been shortened by nearly two months. This is rarely done, even in the case of those who enter as priests, the fact therefore proves more plainly than words could do, how high was the opinion formed of Father Bernard by his Superiors. Ten months later, on October 7, 1833, he made his solemn vows. He was then twenty-six years of age, and was the first native of Holland who became a Redemptorist. In addition to the three ordinary vows, the sons of St. Alphonsus take a fourth, that of persevering in the Congregation until their death. They pledge themselves, moreover, to accept no ecclesiastical preferment outside the limits of their Order, unless by express command of the Holy Father. When not engaged in giving missions, the Rule prescribes for them the following religious exercises, to be daily observed within the monastery : Three meditations, each of half an hour's duration, the recitation of the Breviary in common, two examinations of conscience, the Rosary, a visit to the Most Blessed Sacrament and to our Lady, half an hour's spiritual reading, half an hour's thanksgiving after Mass, the observance of silence at fixed times. Each Father has to make a retreat of ten days every

year, and of one day each month. No meat is allowed during Lent, Advent, and the nine days preceding Pentecost, nor on the eves of the seven principal feasts of the Blessed Virgin.

In 1832 the Bishop of Liège succeeded in obtaining the desired authorization, and had the satisfaction of seeing two houses of Redemptorists established in his diocese; one within the shadow of his Cathedral, and the other at Saint-Trond, the latter being designed to serve as a house of studies. Father Bernard was sent to Liège immediately after his profession, but he had scarcely been a month there, before he was transferred to Saint-Trond, in order that he might teach dogmatic theology. His obedience was prompt and un murmuring, though the task assigned him was a distasteful one. To a man of his active and energetic disposition, the peaceful monotonous life of a professor could not but be uncongenial; he had, besides, joined the Congregation with the express object of giving missions, and he longed to be able to contribute, in a more direct manner, to the salvation of souls, and to find a theatre of action which would offer more ample scope for his powers.

This trial of his patience and submission did not last very long. At the end of a year he was relieved from his professorial labours and allowed to take part in a mission given at Themister, a village situated in the neighbourhood of Liège. He hastened to announce the joyful tidings to his parents in the following terms: "God be praised! I am no longer reckoned among the Civil Guards, but am allowed to join the ranks of the army. Saint-Trond will henceforward be only the arsenal where I shall prepare my ammunition. During the last few days I have taken part in a slight *skirmish*, soon we shall concentrate our forces upon Verviers, where there will probably be a *pitched battle*. Pray that my labours may be blessed!"

Thus it was in a small and unknown village that Father Bernard commenced, in August, 1834, the series of missions, retreats, and other apostolic labours which continued in unbroken succession until September, 1865, when death sealed his lips for ever. Father Passerat, to whom Father Bernard owed so much during his novitiate, had the direction of the mission at Themister, and was beyond measure astonished at the rare eloquence of his young and inexperienced colleague. After hearing several of the latter's sermons, the sage Superior said to the preacher, "My dear Father Bernard, love humiliation,

love humiliation!" This wise advice was received with gratitude and carefully acted on, nor were occasions of putting it into practice wanting during the mission at Verviers, which was opened on the 20th of the following October. A violent prejudice existed there in certain quarters against the Redemptorist Fathers, and the public journals did all they could to excite the popular mind against them, and frustrate the success of the enterprise. In some of the factories, the workmen were purposely detained until a later hour than usual, in order that they might not be able to attend the sermons. The weather was, moreover, unusually wet and stormy, in fact, everything combined to discourage the servants of God. But Father Bernard showed himself equal to the occasion; his resolute and fearless spirit never daunted or intimidated by opposition, was roused to fresh effort by the attacks of the enemy. Day by day the church became more thronged, the audiences more attentive, the confessionals more besieged. The mission was a triumphant success, and after its close the Fathers were obliged to prolong their stay in the town for several days, in order to visit the sick and hear their confessions in their own houses. Father Bernard had preached every evening in French, and every morning all the faults, whether of language or pronunciation, which as a foreigner he could not help making, were mercilessly exposed and pitilessly ridiculed in the papers. To this he was acutely sensitive, and had frequent need to recall Father Passerat's advice, which we have mentioned above. In January, 1835, Father Bernard gave a mission at Dieupart, and until nearly the close of 1841, when, as we shall see, labours of another nature claimed him for a time, he was unremittingly occupied in this work, with such pauses only as were necessary. A passing mention of each of these missions would be uninteresting, to give details of them would be impossible, and even were it possible, the record would be monotonous and unattractive, since in their general characteristics they closely resembled one another. Rather, therefore, will we give some account of the great preacher of whom his brethren in religion were accustomed to speak as "the inimitable Father Bernard," adding to the description of his varied and marvellous gifts, some illustration of the manner in which he exercised them for the greater glory of God, and the salvation of the souls of his fellow-men. Even during one of his earliest missions, those who wanted to make sure of going to confession on any particular day, were obliged

to be outside his confessional as early as three or four in the morning. An old woman of eighty-two who had come a long distance had the patience to wait, without taking a morsel of food, from three a.m. until five p.m. in order to make her confession and receive Holy Communion.¹

The following anecdote refers to the same mission. There lived in a certain village a farmer, who, not content with taking no part in the exercises of the mission, openly mocked and jeered at the Fathers who were giving it. In order to show his contempt he named his horses after them. His dismay may be imagined when the animal he called Bernard suddenly fell ill and died, the remainder being subsequently attacked by the same fatal complaint. The sinner recognized in this misfortune the avenging hand of Divine justice, made his peace with God, and led an edifying life for the future.

Before quitting this part of our subject, we will give, in Father Bernard's own words, an account of a mission he preached at Comblain-au-Pont, a village perched on the side of a mountain. The ascent is so steep that no carriage can reach the hamlet, at any rate during the winter season.

During the whole time we were at Comblain [writes Father Bernard], the cold was intensely severe, and it edified us not a little to witness the sacrifices made by the poor mountaineers in order to hear the Word of God. The church stands on the top of a mountain, and two-thirds of the members of the commune live about four miles off. Yet all these excellent people climbed the steep ascent two or three times a day, in spite of the piercing north-east wind which blew in their faces. Sometimes they waited from morning until evening in order to get their turn in the confessional, although shivering with cold, and obliged to go and warm themselves occasionally at the sacristy fire in order to prevent their hands and feet from being frost-bitten. For several days the precipitous paths were so slippery that it was only possible to ascend or descend them by making use of a rope, which had been stretched so as to form a sort of balustrade. Old men of seventy or eighty made their sons carry them to church on their backs rather than stay away, and I realized as I had never done before the force of those words of our Lord: *The Kingdom of Heaven suffereth violence, and the violent bear it away.*

I also was called upon to make a small sacrifice. Four days previous to the close of the mission, I slipped and fell backwards down a narrow staircase. There was no apparent injury, but I suffered so

¹ Holy Communion was not unfrequently given at a late hour in the afternoon on occasions such as this, by virtue of a special dispensation.

severely in consequence of the accident from pain in my back, that I was confined to bed for three days, and compelled to hear the men's confessions in my room. The day after the close I could only just manage to hobble about, but I rejoiced to have been able, not only to work for God, but also to suffer for His sake. Could I be the means of preserving but one sinner from relapsing into sin, how gladly would I consent to bear the results of another stumble! (pp. 146, 147.)

The cases in which Father Bernard's efforts were not attended with complete success, may be regarded as altogether exceptional. To give missions was, as it were, the end for which he was created; and God had bestowed upon him with no sparing hand all the gifts necessary for such labours. His robust health and iron constitution enabled him to bear fatigues and exertions which must have worn out almost any other man. He could give two or three instructions in the course of the day, spend many consecutive hours in the confessional, and yet, when evening came, preach a long sermon with undiminished eloquence and vigour. His missions rarely lasted less than a fortnight, but he used to return from them fresh and energetic as ever, ready in fact to begin another on the morrow, should his Superiors desire him to do so. His oratorical talents were of the highest order, and he possessed the gift of true eloquence. Let us listen whilst one of his hearers describes the impression made upon his audience by this distinguished orator.

When Father Bernard comes down from the altar and ascends the pulpit steps, one might imagine him to be a general going forth to battle, in full view of the enemy and perfectly confident of victory. And when he stands erect in the pulpit, the cross upon his broad chest, his rosary hanging from his girdle, his biretta in his hand, and without uttering a word, runs his keen eye over his audience, there is something about his countenance, his tall figure, his commanding appearance, that strikes awe into the vast assembly. All at once every sound is hushed in the closely-packed crowd; the moment of attack has come. He slowly raises his hand to make the sign of the Cross, and the attention of every one present is arrested. His clear, sonorous voice, that seems to go straight to the heart, his burning eloquence, his powerful descriptions, his forcible arguments, the masterly touches, so peculiarly his own, that convict and convince, the impressive gestures that give life to his words, each and all of these serve to secure him the victory. One feels how completely he holds his audience and carries them with him, as an eagle carries off the prey in his talons. (pp. 150, 151.)

His flow of words was unfailing, and his power of influencing others immense. Never at a loss for expedients, he knew how to make use of the most trifling incidents and employ them to promote the end he had in view at the moment. In a certain parish, for instance, he perceived that due respect was not shown to the Blessed Sacrament. He resolved in consequence not to leave the place without speaking upon the subject, and an opportunity was not long in presenting itself. Whilst one of the Fathers was giving Holy Communion at an early Mass, a peasant who desired to approach the Sacred Table, carefully took off his wooden shoes before leaving his place, in order that his movements might be soundless. Kneeling at the end of the church, Father Bernard saw and noted the pious action. It deeply touched him, and in his next sermon he described it with so much pathos, that his hearers could not restrain their tears. Seeing that he had produced the desired effect, he proceeded to enforce the lesson he intended to teach, and so thoroughly did he attain his end, that a manifest and permanent change in the behaviour of the people was the result.

Whilst giving a mission in a frontier town, he received a letter from an official requesting him to denounce from the pulpit the frauds so constantly practised in regard to custom-house dues. The communication was evidently made with a good intention, and Father Bernard was therefore reluctant to annoy the author of it, while at the same time he felt it incumbent on him not to overstep the limits prescribed by prudence. Accordingly, when evening came, he made his appearance in the pulpit with the letter in his hand and read it aloud from beginning to end, without note or comment. "We find," he then said, "in St. Matthew's Gospel, the answer to this letter. The Scribes and Pharisees having asked our Lord whether they ought to pay the tribute claimed by the Government, He replied: 'Render to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's: and to God the things that are God's.'" Having uttered these words, Father Bernard paused for a few moments, after which he began his sermon and made no further allusion to the letter.

In the course of his stay in a large city, where sin and immorality were rife, he went to call on a widow lady of his acquaintance, whose only son was leading an openly wicked life. With many tears the poor mother poured her sorrows

into the sympathizing ear of the missionary. All at once the latter took off his crucifix, detached the figure from it and gave the two pieces into her hand, saying as he did so: "Ask your son to be kind enough to repair this crucifix and afterwards to bring it back to me himself." The young man did as he was requested and was received by Father Bernard with great cordiality. "I am extremely grateful to you," he said, "for what you have done, and I hope that you will now permit me to render you a service in my turn." "Certainly, Father," replied the visitor, looking, however, a good deal mystified. "My dear friend," began Father Bernard very gravely, "I had broken my crucifix and you were kind enough to mend it for me. You have not only mutilated the image of Jesus crucified within your own soul, you have also trodden it under foot. Allow me, I beseech you, to repair this image for you. I shall indeed be delighted thus to prove my gratitude." Touched by Divine grace, the sinner fell at Father Bernard's feet and confessed his sins with much contrition, nor did he ever relapse into his evil ways.

During the same mission Father Bernard preached a sermon against the sin of impurity, and in such vivid colours did he depict the deplorable condition of those who are slaves to this vice, that an unhappy woman, whose life had for a series of years given great scandal, as she was well known throughout the city, rose up in her place in the church and exclaimed aloud: "I am the wretched being you are describing! I am the miserable sinner of whom you are speaking!" Nor did she content herself with words, her actions proved how deep and lasting was the impression made upon her. She reformed her life, and became an example to all who knew her.

Although Father Bernard was what is commonly called a popular preacher, he was equally able to address more select audiences, and could adapt himself to them with the greatest ease. For instance, he preached a novena at Tongres in 1841, which was attended by all the principal people in the town. Those who had the privilege of hearing him said that on this occasion he surpassed himself. His conferences upon the sacraments, the authority of the Church, the causes of unbelief, were masterly and eloquent to the last degree, and there are those still living who remember in how irresistible a manner he pursued into their furthest entrenchments the so-called *esprits forts*, who whilst refusing to believe in the Divine authority of the Church, bow the knee before some wretched

journalist or writer of immoral novels. As an illustration of this part of our subject, we cannot do better than give the history of a conversion which created no small sensation at the time, as the subject of it was a member of the higher ranks of society, and which was due, under God, entirely to the eloquence of Father Bernard. We insert the account all the more willingly, because it affords a striking proof of the loving kindness of the Queen of Heaven.

Justin Van Velthoven belonged to a good family and had entered the army at an early age. His handsome person, polished manners, pleasing disposition, and agreeable conversation, won for him every heart. He was fêted and flattered on all sides, and became a great favourite with William the Second, who treated him as an intimate friend, frequently walking arm-in-arm with him. On one of these occasions the King said: "Van Velthoven, there is nothing I am not ready to do for you, you have only to tell me what you wish." "Sire," answered the young officer, "while I enjoy the honour of thus walking arm-in-arm with your Majesty, I feel that I have nothing left to wish for."

Later on, Van Velthoven quitted the army, and obtained a Government appointment. Unhappily he got among bad companions and yielded to their evil example; for some years his life was most scandalous, and he went to the greatest excesses of licentiousness and vice. But his mother was a truly pious woman, remarkable for her tender devotion to our Blessed Lady. This devotion she endeavoured to inspire into her son from his earliest childhood, and before he went forth into the world she made him promise never to pass a single day without reciting the Litany of Loreto. This promise he faithfully kept; however weary he might be after a day's hunting, or even when he returned to his lodgings half-drunk after some midnight orgy, he never threw himself upon his bed without repeating his accustomed prayer. Nor did she who is the Refuge of Sinners long delay to answer these almost unconscious petitions. During a mission given by the Redemptorists at Eindhoven, the place where Van Velthoven was residing, he one evening went to hear Father Bernard preach, being curious to judge for himself of the famous orator. The sermon happened to be upon the Prodigal Son, and to one listener at least in the crowded church every word seemed applicable to his own case, more especially when the preacher went on to tell the story of

St. Augustine. That very night the young man sought an interview with Father Bernard, and poured out to him the story of his sins, declaring with tears of gratitude that he owed his conversion altogether to the Blessed Virgin. The next day he adorned her statue in the church with a diamond breast-pin and a valuable ring, both of which had been presents from the King. He was one of those persons who can do nothing by halves, and before the close of the mission, he asked Father Bernard whether he might perhaps be allowed to join the Redemptorists, in order to serve them for the remainder of his life in the capacity of lay-brother. The prudent caution of Father Bernard imposed some check upon this zeal, and the new convert, by his advice, spent two months in retirement under the roof of a priest, in order to test his vocation. At the expiration of the term fixed, Van Velthoven presented himself at the Monastery of Witt m, and was at once received. He obtained more than he had ever hoped for ; the ability and virtue of which he gave proof, induced his Superiors to allow him to study for the priesthood. On the feast of the Annunciation, 1843, he was clothed ; on the same day in the following year he made his profession, and on June 15, 1848, he was ordained priest, being then thirty-eight years of age. During the remaining nine years of his life, he was the means of converting many souls ; his kindness and charity to sinners knew no bounds, and, like St. Paul, he used to speak openly of his former evil doings in order thereby to gain more influence over those whom he desired to deliver from the snares of Satan. He died on a Saturday, in the month of May, 1857, and the last words his lips were heard to utter was the name of her to whose patronage and protection he owed in so special a manner his eternal salvation.

Such is the story of "Father Bernard's convert," as Father Van Velthoven used to be called. It is now time to return to Father Bernard himself, and speak of another sphere of labour in which his success was no less remarkable. We refer to the retreats for priests which he preached almost every year, beginning in 1841, unless absent from the country or prevented by other duties. He felt work of this kind to be the most important possible, more important than missions, since it consisted in teaching those who are to teach others, in guiding and directing those who are the salt of the earth and the light of the world. How appalling a picture he would draw of the

life and death of a bad priest ! How consoling and delightful was the manner in which he would speak of the reward laid up in Heaven for the faithful pastor, at the close of his trying and self-sacrificing career ! A prelate who had followed several of these retreats was heard to say, "Every word which falls from the lips of Father Bernard is a precious pearl." Two of his retreats, preached on the *Pater noster* and on the Eight Beatitudes respectively, can never be forgotten by those who were privileged to hear them, and if we may judge by the notes found after his death, it is probable that the retreat he intended to give, had he lived, in 1865, on the Seven Gifts of the Holy Ghost, would have surpassed in beauty and excellence any of the preceding ones. He left carefully-written notes of all his retreats, which show the amount of previous study and preparation he invariably bestowed upon them, and serve also to prove how profoundly versed he was in Patristic theology.

In October, 1841, he was, much against his will, appointed Socius of the Rector of Saint-Trond. He held this office for two years, and was afterwards sent to the Monastery of Wittem, which continued to be his headquarters during the rest of his life, whenever he was not giving missions or residing abroad. When relieved from the duties of Socius, he was free to resume those missionary labours which had been superseded for a time, and he continued them until March, 1845, the theatre of his operations being principally Belgium. The next ten years (1845-55) were, as we shall see, spent for the most part in a different manner.

As far back as 1832, three Redemptorist Fathers and the same number of lay-brothers from Vienna, had, at the request of the Bishop of Cincinnati, gone over to America. After struggling with many difficulties for the period of six years, they at length succeeded, in 1839, in founding a house at Pittsburg, in the diocese of Philadelphia. The following year the Archbishop of Baltimore offered them a house well suited for a monastery, having a chapel attached to it. After this they spread rapidly, and in 1845 the Holy See placed all houses of the Congregation in the United States under the direction of the Belgian Province. Its first Provincial was Father de Held. In 1845, he determined to make a canonical visitation of all the communities which had been established in America. He chose as his companion Father Bernard, and they sailed on the 12th of April, accompanied by three Fathers from Liège,

who were to remain permanently in the New World. The Provincial spent four months there, during which time he was constantly occupied in travelling hither and thither, on business of the Order. The following is his testimony in regard to the advantage he experienced in having Father Bernard with him :

In the course of our various journeys, Father Bernard preached with much zeal and success. His voice was heard in nearly all our churches, and his marvellous eloquence did much towards raising the prestige of our Congregation. In my capacity of Visitor, I not unfrequently found myself confronted by difficulties of various kinds, and his prudent counsels proved of the greatest assistance to me. His dignified bearing and judicious conduct contributed not a little to win for us a favourable reception from influential persons and officials of every degree. He possessed great capacity for business, and practical arrangements of every kind ; yet although he made himself so useful to me, he invariably kept in the background, nor did he ever forget that he occupied a secondary position. (p. 229.)

Forty-five years ago the status of Catholics in America was widely different from what it is at present, and the scenes Father Bernard witnessed during his stay there inspired him with an ardent desire to devote the remainder of his life to the advancement of religion on the other side of the Atlantic. Immediately after his return to Wittem, he expressed this wish in a letter to the Vicar-General, Father Passerat. The answer he received ran as follows :

In the Name of Jesus Christ and of our Congregation, I thank you for all the dangers and difficulties you encountered during your visit to our American brethren. At the same time I congratulate you upon the success which has crowned your efforts, and I thank God for it. *Erit tibi merces magna nimis.* The sacrifice you propose to make on behalf of so many souls which are left without spiritual guidance, clearly proves that you possess the true missionary spirit which ought invariably to characterize a Redemptorist. I am, however, obliged to inform you that it is not judged advisable to accept your generous offer. Remember that it was said to Abraham, "*Because thou hast done this thing,*" when a two-fold amount of reward was promised to him. In like manner will you act when you preach in America in will and in Holland in deed, and thus shall you also earn a double recompense which you will assuredly not fail to receive. (pp. 219, 220.)

But the ardent desire of Father Bernard was destined to be realized to the full ere many years had elapsed. After his

return from his visit to the United States, he spent nearly three years in giving missions, until he was appointed Prefect of the second novitiate, which office he held twice in succession. In 1848, the need of a Vice-Provincial for America making itself strongly felt, he was chosen to fill that important post. He embarked at Southampton, December 20, 1848, accompanied by four of his brethren in religion, and landed at New York, January 8, 1849.

After spending two or three days there, he set out on the first of the weary and protracted journeys which occupied the whole of the year and a half over which his present sojourn in America extended. He may be truly said to have had no fixed habitation, but to have been ever on the wing. His energy was unbounded, his activity never at a standstill, and the amount of good he effected is incalculable. Trials were not wanting to him, he had many anxieties and vexations in connection with money matters, and in spite of the prudence and circumspection which ever guided his actions, he had much to suffer from slanderous tongues and Protestant fanaticism. Yet he had also great consolations; it was a continual source of joy to him to mark, as he went from place to place, the improvement everywhere observable since his last visit, four years before. Whenever opportunity offered, he made a point of preaching, and he specially records an occasion on which he had the happiness of addressing a number of poor wandering Canadians, whom the zeal of one of the Fathers had succeeded in hunting out and gathering together in a shabby little chapel. The greater portion of them had not even seen a priest for twenty or thirty years. Touched by Father Bernard's words, and sincerely penitent, they nearly all, to his great satisfaction, approached the sacraments.

Not unfrequently did he encounter considerable personal risk, as, for instance, during his journey down the Mississippi to New Orleans. "The navigation," he tells us, "was extremely dangerous, on account both of the huge masses of ice which at certain points still blocked up the river, and also of the sand-banks concealed beneath its surface. Add to this the trunks of trees and pieces of timber swept along by the mighty stream in its impetuous course, and the wrecks of vessels which have gone down and which it has not been possible to remove. However," he continues, "like a prudent traveller, I took scarcely anything with me except a rosary, a scapular, and a quiet conscience!"

In 1850 he was recalled to Europe, in order that he might be present at the meeting of the Provincials of the Order, which was to be held in September. A decree of Pius the Ninth had recently erected the Redemptorist houses in America into a separate Province, and of this Father Bernard was chosen to be the first Provincial at the meeting we have just mentioned. Scarcely, therefore, had he set his foot upon his native soil, when he had to make his preparations for leaving it afresh. It cost him much to communicate to his widowed mother, whom he had not yet had time to visit, the news of his approaching departure, but she made the sacrifice thus demanded of her with courage and generosity, taking a cheerful leave of her son when he had spent a few days at Amsterdam before sailing, and assuring him that in spite of her advanced age (she was seventy-one) she should yet live to embrace him again. This prediction was not destined to be realized, for three days after he had put to sea, she closed a holy and edifying life by a calm and peaceful death. His voyage proved unusually perilous and protracted, so that he did not reach New York until March 13, 1851, having been more than seven weeks on the water, and hardly had he landed when a letter was brought to him containing the tidings of his mother's decease. He had always loved her dearly, and in a letter which he wrote upon this occasion to his brothers and sisters, he expresses with touching simplicity the grief it caused him to think that in this world he could hope to see her no more. A not inconsiderable fortune now came into his possession, and he spent the greater part of it on the houses of the Order in America, the pecuniary position of many of them being at that time exceedingly precarious.

Active and energetic as he had always been, during the three years in which he held the office of Provincial, Father Bernard may truly be said to have outdone himself, and to have accomplished an amount of work which it would have seemed impossible for a single individual to execute in a satisfactory manner. Not only did he govern his Province with vigilance, firmness, and discretion, but he inaugurated the practice of giving missions, and found time himself to give as many as thirteen, each of which lasted, on an average, about three weeks. Besides this, he superintended a great many more, and used to preach in French, German, or English, whenever opportunity offered. His sojourn in America was

productive of lasting and tangible benefit in another, and perhaps even more important respect, for both by teaching and example he formed his brethren in religion, who learned in his school what a Redemptorist ought to be. In whatever sphere of action we contemplate him during his term of office, it may truly be said that "the Lord was with him, and made all that he did to prosper."¹

Among the numerous conversions he was the means of effecting, we may record that of a sailor who had been brought up by a wicked father, through whom he had become familiar with every kind of vice. At last he ran away and went to sea, leading for a long course of years a life the reverse of edifying. He had only been to confession once, and that in his childhood, he scarcely knew a single prayer, but strange as it may seem, amid all his wickedness, he retained the habit of repeating from time to time, "Jesus, Mary, Joseph." Over and over again, in moments of extreme peril, he had vowed that if God would only permit him to reach land in safety, he would abandon his evil courses, but these promises had been made only to be broken, and the sailor had already passed middle age, when a sermon of Father Bernard's so impressed him that he went straightway to confession, and by the grace of God, ever after persevered in the right way.

In 1853, Father Bernard's Provincialate expired, and he was recalled to Europe. He spent a short time in England, principally in the house of the Order at Clapham, where he awaited the decision of his Superiors as to his future destination. Before long he was sent to Ireland, as Superior of the Limerick Monastery, but he remained there scarcely more than a year, for early in 1855, he was sent to Rome in order that he might there assist at the General Chapter of the Congregation, then about to be held. While in Ireland he gave several missions, two of which, those of Cork and Dublin, were specially remarkable, not only on account of the great fruits resulting from them, but of the immense enthusiasm the preacher personally called forth. The mission at Dublin was long afterwards spoken of as "the great mission." Father Bernard also preached two missions in England, one at Clapham, and another in London.

From 1855 until 1865, he was almost uninterruptedly occupied in giving missions and retreats in Holland and Belgium. His biographer gives no details respecting this portion of

¹ Genesis xxxix. 23.

Father Bernard's life, in fact he passes it over in almost total silence. It is much to be regretted that no further record has been preserved of his work during this period, as well as of the missions he gave whilst residing in England.

The last mission he preached was at Saint-Trond, and he wound up the closing sermon with these remarkable words: "Inhabitants of Saint-Trond, this is the last time you will ever hear my voice from the pulpit. Ere long you will be told, 'Father Bernard is dead,' and I trust that you will then say an *Ave Maria* for me." This occurred in May, and scarcely more than three months subsequently, the presentiment of his approaching end was realized. Before giving some account of his illness and death, we will add a few details of a personal nature. First of all we may quote the testimony of an English Redemptorist Father, to which the fact that it comes from an eye-witness lends additional value. He writes as follows:

I knew Father Bernard during my course of studies at Wittem. For two or three years of the time he was attached to that house, to which he would ever and anon return from his apostolic labours. He was the model to all of regular observance, recollection, and humility. As one of the students expressed it to me, to look at him you seemed to see one whose thoughts were always in eternity.

I shall never forget the effect on all of us students when one evening before supper, Father Bernard was seen kneeling in the middle of the refectory, accusing himself of some over-vivacity in recreation, and of maintaining his opinion too strongly whilst arguing with a younger Father, and humbly asking penance of the Superior. For we could not but think of him as the great Father Bernard whose name was a household word at that time, and in everybody's mouth throughout the country.

Like every good religious, he had a great esteem and affection for his Order, and a never-failing devotion to his spiritual Father, St. Alphonsus. In a little MS. volume of prayers and extracts he carried constantly about his person, we find copied down many sentences from the writings of the Saint. Amongst others are the following, which Father Bernard frequently dwelt upon, in order to keep alive within his heart a love of the Rule:

It is by the transgression of lesser Rules that the devil leads us on to the loss of our vocation.

A single transgression of the Rule grieves me more than a thousand persecutions.

Yet undoubted as was Father Bernard's vocation from the

very outset of his religious life, ardent as was his attachment to his Order, the enemy of souls did not leave him without some temptation in this respect. Upon one occasion at least, as he was on his way to open a mission, the idea that he had missed his true vocation and was in the wrong place, took such a strong hold upon him that he burst into tears, and could not refrain from expressing to the Father who was travelling with him the torturing doubts which were harassing his soul.

He was never known to betray any consciousness of his own superiority, which was manifest to all and universally acknowledged. When resident at Wittem, his simple affectionate manners and cordial kindness caused him to be much beloved, not only by the Fathers, but also by the students and lay-brothers, with whom he used sometimes to take his recreation, delighting to amuse them with droll stories and innocent jokes, of which he possessed an almost inexhaustible fund. Never was he heard to speak of the success which had attended his sermons and missions, nor of the conversions he had been the means of effecting, and his love of humiliations proved the reality of his humility, as the subjoined instance serves to show. The first sermons he ever preached in German were delivered at Wittem, and formed a novena in honour of the Blessed Virgin. People came long distances to hear him, and a lady who drove over from Aix-la-Chapelle for this purpose, was so delighted with his eloquent addresses, that she induced a great number of her relatives and friends to go over likewise to Wittem. The church was densely thronged on this particular afternoon; but although Father Bernard had prepared his sermon with more than his usual care, he had scarcely begun to speak than he altogether lost the thread of his ideas, which he in vain endeavoured to regain, so that he could do nothing but relate a few anecdotes, and make some not very original remarks upon them. The sermon was a complete failure, and he noticed the evident disappointment of his auditors. After the crowd had dispersed, he knelt for a long time in prayer before the Blessed Sacrament, and he took the first opportunity of declaring before his religious brethren, with the utmost simplicity, that he had been too well satisfied with the success of his German sermons, and had relied too much on his own efforts. "God," he said, "wishes to teach me to look only to Him, and to lean on Him alone. *Bonum mihi quia humiliasti me.*"

Yet his character was by no means a faultless one; his

failings were of a surface nature, and helped to keep him humble by causing him, as his biographer expresses it, "to lose something of his prestige." To the end of his life his hasty tongue gave him trouble, and the impulsiveness and impetuosity of his disposition, which he could not completely curb, prevented him from attaining perfect control and self-restraint. He was deeply conscious of his shortcomings and defects of character; in the manuscript volume to which reference has been made above, he had copied several prayers for victory over himself, taken from different authors, and the worn condition of these pages shows how frequently the petitions they contain must have been offered up.

Love for our Blessed Lady was one of the most marked features of his preaching, and he often concluded his sermons by commencing to intone the *Magnificat*. Father Bernard had a special devotion to Our Lady of Dolours, and made a point of reciting every day the Rosary of her Seven Sorrows. He used to say some *Ave Marias* whenever he wanted fine weather for his open-air sermons, and was accustomed to declare that he had found this method infallible in bringing about the result desired. In the church of the Redemptorist Fathers at Wittem, there is a chapel dedicated to Our Lady of Dolours, and the beautiful statue upon the altar was presented by Father Bernard. Desirous of increasing the devotion of the faithful to the Mother of Sorrows, he obtained from the Sovereign Pontiff an Indulgence of seven years and seven quarantines to be gained by all those who should recite seven *Ave Marias* before this image. Touched by the affectionate devotion of her faithful servant, our Lady granted him the privilege of saying his last Mass at his favourite altar, a fact which is all the more remarkable because this last Mass was the first occasion upon which he had been able, for nearly three months, to say Mass in the church attached to the monastery. The mention of this circumstance is a fitting prelude to the account we have now to give of the closing scenes of his life.

On May 27, 1865, Father Bernard opened a mission at Montzen, a village near Aix-la-Chapelle. Wednesday, the 31st, was the day fixed for the General Communion of the children. Father Bernard addressed them from the pulpit, and then descended into the nave of the church, where he walked up and down, saying the Rosary aloud. Unfortunately he knocked up against a projecting bench, and feeling himself to

be on the point of falling, made a violent effort to recover his balance, and in doing this, fractured the tendon of the left knee, so that he at once fell to the ground, and could not possibly rise. He was lifted up, and placed on a chair; at first he felt no pain, and continued to say the Rosary. But before long his sufferings became so acute, that he had to be carried into the presbytery and laid on his bed. He never again appeared in the pulpit, from that day forth all he could do was to offer up to God the sacrifice of a life which had been entirely devoted to the promotion of His glory. In spite of the external calmness with which he listened to the doctor when the latter told him that it would be six weeks before he could hope to move about, even with the help of crutches, it was not without a great effort that he was able to acquiesce in being thus suddenly and unexpectedly condemned to complete and prolonged inaction, more especially as he felt convinced that his sojourn on earth was drawing to its close. He continued to superintend the mission, constantly summoning to his bedside the Fathers who had been sent to take his place, and giving them many useful hints. The injured tendon made such satisfactory progress, that on the 12th of June the invalid was able to be moved to Wittem, where the whole community hailed his return with every expression of delight and welcome. Unwilling as he felt to damp the pleasure felt by his brethren, he incessantly dwelt, when speaking to them, on the fact that his end was near, and the smile of joy which lit up his features as he did so, showed how completely he could echo the words of the Apostle, *Melius est dissolvi*. Yet he continued to improve, and was soon able to take short walks in the garden, with the help of his crutches. A few more weeks passed, and he was strong enough to dispense with these altogether. He looked well, and to all appearance his recovery could not fail to be soon complete. Yet his own conviction of his approaching death never wavered for an instant, although when desired to do so in virtue of holy obedience, he at once set to work to prepare notes of the sermons which his Superiors hoped he might preach in the course of the missions they had already begun to plan for him. This strong presentiment had made itself felt as long as March in the same year, during his annual retreat, and consequently before the mission at Saint-Trond, to which allusion has already been made.

On the 25th of August, a new Rector arrived at Wittem,

and Father Bernard greeted him with these words : " Reverend Father, you have come here just in time to bury me." At this time, every trace of his accident had disappeared, Father Bernard was able to walk a distance of two or three miles, and the only symptom which showed his health to be not perfectly restored, was a slight oppression on the chest, not severe enough to be termed asthma. As early as the beginning of August, the doctors had noticed this difficulty in breathing, but as it grew no worse, and the general state of the patient continued to improve, they not unnaturally attributed it to the protracted period of inaction and silence through which he had just passed, and hoped that when he should be able to resume his ordinary manner of life, the organs of his chest would quickly recover their normal condition. A list of his future labours had already been made for him, and on the 28th of August he was to open a retreat.

Whenever he was able to say Mass, he had, since the beginning of his illness, said it in the private oratory of the Fathers. Early on August 24th, however, he went down for the first time into the church in order that he might there offer the Holy Sacrifice at the altar of Our Lady of Dolours, which, as our readers will remember, had been his own gift. Little indeed could any of those who saw him walk with firm step from the sacristy, anticipate that he would never again stand at the altar of God. Yet so it was ; towards the middle of the Mass he was seized with a choking sensation, so that it was with great difficulty he could succeed in finishing it. He had to be assisted back to the sacristy, where his vestments were taken off, and he was then carried straight to the infirmary. " You will soon have to carry me out again," was his first remark to those who were helping him into bed. How great was the consternation which spread throughout the house, may be readily imagined, though after the first shock had to a certain extent subsided, all united in hoping the alarm would turn out to be a false one. The doctor, however, at once perceived the gravity of the situation ; owing to the presence of water on the chest, the right lung had altogether ceased to act, the other, indeed, continued to do its work, but there appeared every reason for apprehending that the dropsical affection would ere long reach it also, and spread thence to the heart.

The breathing of the patient grew more and more oppressed, his strength diminishing meanwhile with such surprising rapidity

that in three days death seemed imminent. On Saturday, Dr. Coffin, the late Bishop of Southwark, at that time the English Provincial, who happened to be passing through Aix-la-Chapelle, paid him a visit. "They talk to me of recovery," Father Bernard said to him, "but they can only be joking. I know better than they do, I know that I am going to Heaven." He begged that the last sacraments might be administered without delay, while he still retained full consciousness, and so anxious did he seem on this point and so frequently did he reiterate his request, that it was at length determined to gratify it. Sunday, August 27th, was the feast of the Sacred Heart of Mary, and about seven o'clock in the evening, all the members of the community, about fifty in number, went in procession to the infirmary, with tapers in their hands, and chanting the *Miserere*. The sick man, who could now only breathe with the utmost difficulty, was stretched upon his bed, dressed in his habit, having by his express wish his mission cross and rosary beside him, as well as the Book of Rules and Constitutions. As soon as he perceived Father Konings, the Provincial, who was carrying the Blessed Sacrament, he stretched out his hands towards his Saviour, exclaiming in a transport of faith and love, "My Jesus, I love Thee, I love Thee! If there has ever been a time when I did not love Thee, I love Thee at this moment!" He next attempted to address those around him, but Father Provincial was obliged to desire him to cease, the effort was manifestly so painful. When the moment for receiving Communion arrived, he ejaculated, "I shall see Him! I shall soon see Him! . . . I shall see Him face to face! O Jesus, Chief of missionaries, *Domine, non sum dignus!*" Afterwards he remained perfectly silent, appearing absorbed in contemplation.

During Monday and Tuesday, no special change took place. He grew gradually weaker, but retained all his faculties, and was able to see and take leave of his two brothers, who came to Wittem to bid him a last farewell. On Wednesday morning, by his own desire, he renewed his vows, after doing which he said, "Now there is nothing left but '*Proficiscere anima christiana.*'" On Thursday morning he seemed better, and was able to receive Holy Communion, and hear the Mass which was said for him in the chapel of the infirmary. His soul was filled with peace and joy. "How good God is to me," he remarked to one of the Fathers who was watching beside his bed, "there is nothing to

trouble me, I am quite free from temptations, or mental disquiet of any kind!" "Remember," the Father replied, "how often you have said to our Lady, '*Pray for us—at the hour of our death!*' Is it likely she has forgotten that?" "Oh no! no!" he rejoined eagerly, "it is quite impossible she can have forgotten it!"

During the following night his sufferings were most distressing, and it became evident that his mind was beginning to fail. On Friday he was delirious at times, and talked incessantly about a long journey he was about to take, the thought of which appeared to distress him not a little. Every means of calming him was tried in vain; at last Father Provincial said, "My dear Father Bernard, you have always been so obedient, obey me now, and do not go on talking about your journey." Faithful even in death to the habit of a lifetime, the sick man uttered not another word. Towards evening he regained consciousness, and seemed to be constantly engaged in prayer. His favourite ejaculations were, "*Jesu, sis mihi non judex, sed salvator,*" and "*Maria, mater gratiæ, dulcis parens clementiæ, tu nos ab hoste protege, et hora mortis suscipe.*"

In the course of the night it became apparent that the end could not be far off. The dying man had lost the power of speech, his mouth had become inflamed and his stiffened tongue could only be moistened at intervals with a feather. Yet he retained full possession of his faculties, and followed the Mass which was said as usual in the chapel adjoining the infirmary. His confessor afterwards approached his bed, and asked whether he would like again to receive absolution. The patient made a sign in the affirmative, and as a sacramental penance succeeded in pronouncing the two words, "Jesus! Mary!" He never spoke again, and almost immediately his agony began. While the prayers for the departing were being recited, his respiration became slower and slower, and at the words *Requiem æternam*, he drew a deep sigh and ceased to breathe. It was at nine o'clock in the morning of Saturday, September 2, 1865, that he thus calmly gave up his soul to God.

His body was the next day carried down into the church, where it remained exposed for two days, in front of the altar of Our Lady of Dolours. Crowds thronged from all parts to behold once more the face of their beloved Father and teacher; one incident which occurred during this period is too striking not

to be related here, as it proves that God was pleased to set His seal upon the sanctity of His faithful servant, who being dead yet continued to speak.

Out of the multitude which filled the church to overflowing, a man was seen to step forth and go close up to the bier. He remained on his knees for a considerable time, his eyes fixed on the marble features of the departed, while tears ran down his cheeks. Subsequently he begged to see one of the Redemptorist Fathers in the parlour, and told him that years before he had been converted through the preaching of Father Bernard, but that he had unhappily relapsed into sin. "Just now," he added, "as I was kneeling beside his corpse, I distinctly heard the pale lips utter these words: 'Alas for thee, unhappy man! thou hast, after all, fallen back into thy former sins!'" The impression made upon the individual thus addressed was so great, that he went without delay to confession, but whether he persevered in the good resolutions he then formed, has not been left on record.

The following words of Holy Scripture may fitly close the present sketch; they are taken from the Mass for St. Alphonsus' day, and were inscribed on the mortuary cards, printed in remembrance of Father Bernard. "He was directed by God unto the repentance of the nations, he took away the abomination of wickedness, and in the days of sinners he strengthened godliness."¹

¹ Ecclus. xlix. 3, 4.

Notes on South African Travel.

WHETHER a trip in South Africa be found amusing and interesting, or the contrary, depends at least upon the traveller himself—as indeed does travel anywhere, though not to such extent elsewhere as here. If he is strong and robust, has a keen sense of humour, does not object to rough accommodation, and rougher living, and, above all, has a good companion, he will find it amusing enough the first time, though, after much experience, he will be apt to lose sight of its humorous side, and become more alive to its dangers and discomforts. But for one who is weakly or nervous, or something of a sybarite, travelling here is most unmitigated torture. For South Africa, above any other country I know, makes special demands upon one's powers of tolerance. Comfort there is none, the scenery is utterly monotonous, and the magnificent climate is the sole redeeming feature. Probably there are few more unattractive parts of the world than the interior of the Cape Colony or Orange Free State. Imagine a country made up of great plains, in parts somewhat broken up by small isolated hills, but everywhere brown, dusty, and barren. There is no grateful green, no trees but those immediately around the few and infrequent farms, over large areas no grass, and in many parts the ground is little else than a mass of huge stones. In the plains of the Karroo, covering a very large part of the Cape Colony, no grass grows, and the ground is bare, but in between the stones there grows a little stunted bush on which the sheep feed. The farms are miles apart, often the traveller will see but one or two in a day's journey.

Such is the country in the main, though among the show-places which globe-trotters usually visit, there are one or two spots of rare interest and beauty. But my business lies with the country as a whole, and that that is ugly, dreary, and depressing to an extreme degree, no one will deny who has made the overland journey from Cape Town to Kimberley, or from Kimberley

to the Gold Fields. With all possible comforts of our modern civilization, such a country, it may well be imagined, would be but a comfortless one to travel in, and, as I have said, South Africa is without comforts, and, indeed, apart from the big towns, jogs along with remarkably little civilization. There are very few railways, and what there are are confined to the Cape Colony and Natal. There are none whatever in the Transvaal and Orange Free State. Such railways as there are in the country are by no means models of speed or luxury. The express trains attain a speed of twenty miles an hour, while the ordinary crawl along at twelve. From Durban, the seaport, to Pietermaritzburg, the capital of Natal, a distance of seventy-five miles, the train runs in six hours. So slowly do they run in parts that a year or two ago a Major N—— fell out of one without sustaining any injury whatever. He was on his way from Durban to Pietermaritzburg by the night train. At the half-way station coffee is provided for the travellers, and the guard, with an eye to a possible tip, took some to the Major. But to his astonishment no Major was to be found. In his carriage they found his coat and boots, but the farther door was open and the Major gone. Of course a Major in Her Majesty's service could not be allowed to disappear in this manner, so a spare engine was sent back to search. Instead of coming upon his corpse as they fully expected, they found the gallant gentleman himself, sitting on a stone, and rather lightly attired in shirt and trousers, but quite happy. In his sleep he had opened the door and stepped out, and, though he fell some feet on to the line, and the train was moving, was unhurt. Indeed, it was popularly said that had he not been a stranger, and therefore ignorant of the speed of the train, he could easily have run after it and regained his compartment.

The railways, however, with all their discomforts, are the best means of travel. In them you are at least protected from wind and weather, and are spared a good deal of that curious experience known as having your heart in your mouth, a feeling that on the roads is apt to come over the stranger with unpleasant frequency. I don't wish to use strong language, but, to take the most moderate possible way of stating a simple fact, South African roads are neither more nor less than diabolical mantraps. Occasionally, if the country is flat and the weather has been fine, the traveller may be rejoiced by a few miles of smooth road. But let him not be puffed up;

the first stream or bit of broken country will cause him fully to endorse my opinion, and he will be a mild-natured and forbearing man indeed if he does not apostrophize the roads in language that I feel myself debarred from using. But then in this happy—or at least happy-go-lucky—part of the world, the roads make themselves in the first instance, and when, in addition, they are also left to repair themselves, it may be imagined what havoc the semi-tropical rains and tremendous storms play with them. It is true that in some favoured parts of the Cape Colony and Natal, labourers are constantly kept at work repairing the roads, but as these mended roads are invariably in a worse condition than those that are left alone, the general state of things is not appreciably bettered. A little incident which I saw quite recently may serve to explain why this should be so. A party of labourers were at work “mending” a road that late heavy rains had considerably damaged. Great holes had been scooped out in it, and as it lay on the slope of a hill, the water running down from above had worn deep furrows across it. Into these holes, and along these furrows, the men were placing little bushes, laying them in loosely, and scattering sand over all. To say nothing of the fact that the next shower would undo all their work, such a system was probably the best that could be devised for injuring both horses and carts, on the principle that a concealed pitfall is much worse than a hole that can be seen and avoided. All their work is of the same character. When a stone projects too much, they take it up and leave a hole; when a hole becomes too glaringly dangerous, they heave in a rock and leave it. When they wish to allow water to run from the higher to the lower side of a road, they do not dream of taking it *under* the road, by a drain or culvert. No, they let it run across the road, and build up a bank to keep it in its place. Over this bank your cart crashes with a jolt that strains every plank and bolt, and which to any but South African springs would be instant destruction.

So much for the made roads, or to be more accurate, the roads that are repaired. For there are probably not half a dozen roads in the country that have been made in the first instance. The definition of a road here would be, “Any path that any one may choose to make to any place.” In early days, when a Boer wished to go from one farm or one village to another, he simply drove his waggon or rode his horse as straight as possible across the veldt to his destination. Subsequent travellers

followed his trail, and so the "road" was made. This fact also explains a most irritating peculiarity of the roads in this portion of the globe, namely, the pertinacity with which they will laboriously climb up over the very summit of a steep and rocky hill, when they could just as easily and far more comfortably have gone round. They seem to do this only to allow the traveller to have a look at the scenery, and probably this is the explanation of the whole matter. For when Piet Pretorius first wanted to go, let us say from Ventersburg to Kronstad, thirty miles off, he had no road and no compass, and could not be expected to see Kronstad quite so far off. So, to look for landmarks and steer a straight course, he climbed up every hill that conveniently came in his way, to have a look around. But the ordinary traveller wishing to spare his horses and not at all anxious for a more extensive view of these monotonous tireless plains, is apt to wish that Piet had been acquainted with the use of surveying instruments. These roads are prone to be very erratic in another way. In many parts you may find them spreading out into a bare space half a mile wide, or running on in a perfect maze of small tracks. The reason of this is that every one makes a new track, or follows the old, as seems most convenient to himself. Some days a traveller finds the road muddy or rough. So he turns aside and drives his cart along the veldt at the side of the road, the next comer follows him, and in a short time a new track is made. After awhile this also becomes badly cut up and the process is repeated, and so on till there are perhaps twenty or thirty paths crossing and recrossing and branching off one another in the most hopeless confusion.

But, you will say, don't the owners of the farms object to this summary appropriation of their lands? My very dear reader, such a question could never be asked if you had ever been in this country. There is no farming here in the sense in which you understand it. A man will own anything from three thousand to fifty thousand acres. Round his house he will cultivate perhaps five or six acres, where he grows forage for his horses, but on the rest of the land he simply lets his sheep run, and whether the road occupies a few yards more or less does not seem to him to be of any importance whatever. There are exceptions to the rule. Sometimes alongside the track you will find a row of deep holes, some twenty or thirty yards apart, which serve to keep carts and waggons to the road, and prevent their encroach-

ing on the farm it runs through. This is distinctly elementary¹ but is a good plan for the owner, though the consequences are apt to be unpleasant for the traveller if he leaves the road at night. Sometimes a very energetic man will fence in the road, but energetic men are so very rare in South Africa that the contingency does not often arise, and does not need to be discussed.

From all this it may be gathered, what indeed is a fact, that the roads are as dangerous and unpleasant as any in the British Empire. They recall stories of the old coaching days in England. It is not, indeed, usual to make your will before you start on a journey, but it is considered dangerous to wear a hard hat, as it will probably be smashed against the roof of the cart. And, though it is not necessary to provide against highwaymen, no experienced traveller cares to drive in a cart with a fixed tent, or to put up the folding tent of a cart that has one; in case of a capsize it is so much safer to be able to jump or be thrown out freely. Finally, it is by no means an infrequent occurrence for a man to be jolted right out of his cart. This happened last year to a driver of my own, in the Free State, the poor fellow breaking two ribs.

Not only are the roads at a great disadvantage in their original making, or want of making, but they are most unduly and unfairly cut up by the huge waggons in which all merchandise is transported. These ox-waggons are fourteen to sixteen feet long, enormously heavy and solid, and are drawn by eighteen oxen. It is hard to say whether they damage the roads most or the roads them. I have seen a strong new waggon completely knocked to pieces after a journey of a few hundred miles in bad weather. But, on the other hand, I have seen a waggon with a heavy load on go down a hill with wheels locked, making two deep furrows from top to bottom; or sink into a soft place in the road, leaving, when dug out, a hole that would smash half a dozen vehicles before it was repaired. Whichever is cause and which effect, the waggons are certainly as ill-suited to the roads and the roads to the waggons as it is possible to have them. The soft, unmade roads require light, strong waggons, and the waggons need the heaviest and solidest of roads. What roads I have spoken of here are simply the ordinary roads of the country. I have purposely avoided all mention of such monstrosities as the roads in the mountains of the Transvaal, for instance, the famous "shoot" at Barberton,

where it is impossible to drive, vehicles being let down by ropes from the top.

In its numerous and dangerous rivers, however, South African travel has a more serious drawback than even bad roads. These rivers are only bridged in very few cases, so few that they might be counted on the fingers; fords, or, as they are locally called, drifts, being in most instances the only means of crossing. In the dry season the river is probably represented by a dry sandy watercourse, but a slight rainfall turns it into a raging torrent. The rivers fill with marvellous rapidity. The soil is so bare of vegetation, and so hardened by a baking sun, that very little of the water is arrested or filters into the ground. It rushes down in a solid sheet to the river, which consequently fills with a quickness wonderful to us who are accustomed to see the rain arrested by grass and trees, and soaking quietly into the soft earth. Sometimes the water comes down a river in a solid mass like a bore, sweeping all before it. Three or four years ago four people were drowned in this way near Pretoria. They were crossing a small river in a post-cart, and the horses jibbed in the middle of the stream. It was raining, and, knowing the danger of delay, the driver jumped into the water and ran to the horses' heads. Before he could move them the river came down "solid," cart and horses were swept away, the passengers, being inside the cart, and the tent being up, were drowned, and the driver alone escaped.

Some years ago I had a journey to make in the south of the Free State. I had not to be away very long, so I went on horseback, just taking a few necessities in the saddle-bags and fastening a mackintosh across the saddle. The third day of my journey it came on to rain heavily, but on horseback and with a good coat this was no great inconvenience. I rode steadily all day, and a little before dusk came to a river which was running very deep and strong, in fact my horse could scarcely get through without swimming. Three miles further I came to another river, but I found two or three waggons on the bank, and I knew even before I came up to them that the river was unfordable. I turned at once and retraced my road to the stream I had just crossed, but, to my disgust, this too was impassable by this time. So I rode back to the waggons, making up my mind to a comfortless night, for there was no shelter whatever between the two streams. The waggoners were most hospitable, and lucky it was for me that they were

so, for we were stuck there for three days, the rain coming down in such torrents that even inside the waggons there was not a dry spot. The rivers are so narrow that the water comes down with terrific force, and it is quite impossible to swim them in flood. So we stopped there perforce, though it was impossible to light a fire, and even our tobacco was too wet to smoke.

It is no uncommon experience for waggons to be detained for two or three weeks by a swollen river. Post-carts can sometimes be floated across on barrels, but, on account of their size, this can rarely be done with waggons. And, indeed, for the travellers who on top of a post-cart are being slowly "poled" across a swollen river, the position is no pleasant one. Every year records a large number of accidents, too often fatal. One of the saddest happened last year. A Mrs. D——, the wife of a doctor in Potchefstroom, was returning home from a short visit, and on her way had to cross the Vaal, one of the broadest and strongest rivers in South Africa, and then in flood. The drift she had to cross is a particularly nasty one even when the water is low, being shaped like an S, with deep water on all sides of the narrow bank. She was in a cart drawn by a pair of horses, and had with her a driver and her three children. Why the party did not make use of the boat which is used to ferry passengers across in time of flood, I do not know, but for some reason they tried to cross by the drift. The driver does not seem to have got off the ford; had he done so the whole party would certainly have been lost. However, when they got into the river the horses got frightened and refused to move. The water was deep and surged into the cart, and Mrs. Dixon, thinking they would be capsized, jumped out. Her three children followed her, and they were all swept away and drowned. The driver succeeded in turning the horses round, and safely regained the bank. Yet, will it be believed that, in spite of this accident, and many preceding ones, the Transvaal Government refuses to go to the expense of bridging the river. The only provisions made for crossing flooded rivers are ferry-boats on some of the largest, and on the smaller ones a box slung on ropes to drag over mails and passengers. Bridges are very few, and there are scores of rivers which a little rain renders impassable, and where no precautions whatever are taken against floods.

Before proceeding to speak of the different modes of travel, there is one further difficulty which should be noticed. This is

the scarcity and badness of the accommodation. Hotels are scarce and—well, villainously bad is about as mild an expression as will inadequately describe them. They remind us of what hotels should be only by their charges, which would do credit—or the opposite—to Northumberland Avenue. In some of the large towns you may sometimes find a good hotel, but on the road squalid dirt and vile food are all that the traveller can expect. Beds without sheets are not intolerable, but the blankets would be more palatable if less frowsy and a trifle freer from swarming insect life. And, though bread and cheese, with goose-fat instead of butter, is a welcome enough meal for a hungry man, yet half-a-crown does seem a large price for the luxury. As for liquor, the price is extortionate. Four shillings for a bottle of beer—the regular price in the Transvaal—would soon make teetotallers of most of us. I was going to say water-drinkers, but after we have seen our water drawn from the same “dam” that the cattle are cooling themselves in, or hauled up from a well thick with every abomination, we object to drink it unless disguised as coffee. At a roadside inn it is generally wise to sleep in your clothes, though for myself I am disposed to approve of the opposite course, of sleeping without any, on the ground of skin being easier to clean than cloth, and not harbouring vermin. But however and wherever you sleep, the payment is the same; I have slept on a billiard-table and on the floor, and have had to pay a sum for my couch that would have procured me a comfortable bed in a first-class London hotel. There is but one counterbalancing advantage about South African hotels, that, having a license, they are bound to accommodate travellers. Unfortunately hotels are not everywhere, and in their absence there is no alternative but to beg to be taken in for the night at a Boer farm. On making such a request, the farmer first comes out and critically inspects your turn-out to see if you are a respectable person. Then some such colloquy as the following ensues—of course in Dutch:

“Where do you come from?” You name the place. The Dutchman gives a grunt. “Where are you going to?” You satisfy him also on this point. “Who are you?” “What is your business?” “Where do you live?” “Who’s your father?” “How many children have you?” are the next questions, followed by a host of others, and it is not till they have all been answered to his satisfaction that he bids you come in, and, leading you inside, tells you to “sit.” But, uncouth as these

people are, there is real kindness and hospitality amongst them, and they never refuse a night's lodging to one who treats them well and civilly. Moreover, they will never allow him to pay for it. The food and accommodation are of the coarsest and roughest, and I should fancy that dirtier people could not exist, but I have more than once known the farmer and his "vrouw" turn out of their own bed-room and sleep on the kitchen floor while I, the guest, occupied their bed. To be sure, for reasons I have already mentioned, this is no enviable luxury, but it is their best. Their filthiness is inconceivable. I have travelled much amongst them, but in no instance yet have I ever known a Boer take off more than his boots and coat to go to bed, and I have only once or twice known one to wash his hands.

This is no tempting picture of what the traveller may expect in South Africa, but I have tried to avoid any exaggeration. Now to see what are the means of travel.

Everywhere in South Africa there are Government conveyances for mails and passengers, and no town has communication with the outside world less frequently than once a week. These mail-carts vary very much in different places, both as regards convenience of time and comfort of conveyance. The Transvaal gold-fields are provided with the best. In no part of the world can be found better facilities than are afforded by the magnificent mail-coaches that run between Kimberley and Johannesburg, roomy and comfortable, drawn by ten horses, which are changed every hour, and giving passengers time to sleep at night at wayside inns. The post-carts, too, from Natal to the gold-fields, are admirably horsed and very fast, though not equal in comfort to the Kimberley coaches. But in the more remote and untravelled parts of the country the arrangements are simply scandalous. An eminent medical man, who took a journey to the Cape some months ago to investigate its advantages as an invalid resort, and who, on his return, lectured upon his travels before the Colonial Institute, strongly recommended the little village of Fraserburg, which, he said, was only eight miles from a railway. I trust, for the sake of his patients that his information as to its climate is more accurate than his idea of its position, for it is nearly ninety miles from a railway, and the journey occupies, without rest, from three o'clock in the afternoon to ten the next morning. I mention it here as an example of a badly managed route. The cart travels through

a very heavy and mountainous country, and, as I have said, all night. The cart too is a heavy one, has from two to four hundred-weight of mails and the passengers. But two teams of two horses each take it to within ten miles of the town, that is to say, each pair of horses travels forty miles. Consequently, in any kind of bad weather, the cart is indefinitely delayed: the wonder is that it ever accomplishes the journey.

Another instance. I had lately to go to Calvinia. At midnight I got out of the train at a small station, and stepped into a post-cart with a pair of horses. We travelled hard all day, and though there was a very small mail and I was alone in the cart, the miserable horses we were provided with found it hard enough to move along and keep up to time. Once a week this cart has to carry the English mail, amounting to six or seven hundredweight, and on these days always has several passengers with their luggage. The country is a bad one, the roads are hilly and soft, and very much cut up with rivers, and in wet weather the difficulties and delays are appalling. In this instance, however, all being favourable, at five o'clock in the afternoon we reached Clanwilliam, a small town where we changed carts. While I was getting a hasty meal here my new conveyance drove up. Judge of my consternation at beholding a springless Scotch cart, without a cover or roof of any kind. There was no help for it, so I took my seat inside on top of a quantity of mail-bags, and tried to make the best of things. Again we travelled all night. It came on to rain heavily, and by the time we reached Calvinia late the next afternoon, what between the want of food, the wet, the horrible jolting, and the two nights' want of sleep, I was so exhausted that I verily believe I wished I could stay in Calvinia sooner than return to Cape Town and England by the way I came.

Post-carts do not provide very pleasant travelling at any time. There are few more comical sights than a crowded cart starting on a journey. The mails and luggage fill up the whole cart, and overflow all around it, so that the very driver sits upon a pile of luggage and has to cramp his legs into positions they were certainly never meant for. As for the passengers, they hang on anywhere, on top of mail-bags or portmanteaus, clinging desperately to the ropes that keep the load in place. And let me remark, *en parenthèse*, that it is no pleasant thing to jolt along for miles with, for instance, the corners of a big Bible running into your back. And it only needs a look at the post-

cart to see that it has to undergo very considerable jolting. Its wheels, massive as they are, are scarred and dented, and the springs are bound up with raw hide. At length all is ready, and with a flourish off they go, the horses galloping and plunging, and the huge vehicle swaying from side to side and taking flying leaps over the stones, while the hapless passengers are tossed about like so many shuttlecocks, their heads banging against the roof or against each other, and their legs and backs coming in contact with bags and boxes with agonizing frequency. This kind of amusement gets monotonous after a few hundred miles. And the post-cart must go on. Nothing can stop it, though many causes can and do delay it. Wet or dry, through swollen rivers or over them, with horses or oxen or mules, it has to go forward. If roads are good they may be able to allow you a rest at night, but with rain or heavy roads you must push on, and the only sleep you get is what you can snatch in the cart, with many an interruption through the night to push at the wheels, or help dig the cart out of a hole. A special providence sometimes gives the tired wayfarer a night's rest. This was my lot on one occasion when, the road being very heavy, we were travelling with mules. At two o'clock in the morning we came to a river, and in the middle of it the mules stuck fast. We tried every means to move them, but in vain. When a mule decides to stand still he is very certain to keep to his opinion; no argument, short of lighting a fire under him, will change his views. And in the middle of a river this last resource was manifestly impossible. So we made ourselves as comfortable as possible, and went to sleep till daylight. When the sun rose, our driver waded ashore, with much grumbling—for the weather was cold—and made his way to a neighbouring farm, where he procured a team of oxen. With these he returned in triumph, detached the mules from the cart, hitched the oxen on to them, and pulled them bodily to the bank. Then the cart was drawn out, the mules were re-harnessed, and away we went merrily.

Unfortunately accidents are very frequent with post-carts. One fruitful cause is the sleepiness of the driver. This, again, is the fault of the contractors, whose arrangements are too often such that a man is deprived of sleep three or four nights in the week. It is hard, exhausting work to drive a team of four or six horses through the night, often in cold or wet weather; and to do this several nights running, with constant work to prevent

sleep in the daytime, is too much for any man. Then, too, the drivers get drunk with quite unnecessary frequency. And the fate of a traveller by night in a post-cart, with either a drunken or a sleeping driver, is an unpleasant one. The least evil is to lose the road—which is hard enough to keep with all possible vigilance—and at daylight to find himself wandering over the veldt with tired horses, no prospect of food, and many hours out of his way. But wandering by night over the veldt means in most cases a capsize over an ant-heap or down a bank, with unlimited possibilities in the way of broken bones. Last August the cart from Lady Grey to Aliwal North—a miserable patched up affair with two horses—set out with one passenger and a drunken driver. Half way on their journey the driver upset the cart and threw out his passenger, but, thanks to the special providence which guards drunken men, managed to scramble into the cart as it righted, and after a detour across the veldt, which no sober man could have made with safety, got into the road, and calmly pursued his way, leaving his unfortunate fare lying in the road. In fact, he forgot all about him, and the poor man was frozen nearly to death when he was picked up by a passing waggon, with his leg and some ribs broken.

When people are not pressed for time, the favourite way of travelling is with their own cart and two or four horses. This is especially suited for ladies, for whom the roughness and mishaps of the post-carts have special terrors. A journey with a private cart is made by easy stages, doing from thirty-five to fifty miles a day, and making every day for some farm or inn where the night can be spent. In fine weather this is most enjoyable, except for the bad accommodation, and even that is less felt than by the post-cart, for the travellers generally carry cooking utensils, and take as many meals as possible in the open air. A start is generally made by daybreak, after a cup of coffee, and by breakfast-time twelve or fifteen miles are left behind. And what an appetite a two hours' drive through the sharp dry air gives! Then the horses are "outspanned" and taken off to water, while we get out the kettle and set the fire going. When the kettle boils, the eggs are put into it and boiled for a few minutes, then the coffee is put in when the eggs are taken out, and the kettle put beside the fire to draw. Then we rake down the fire, and grill our chops over the hot ashes, and in a quarter of an hour our breakfast is ready. True, the

coffee is apt to be thick, and strange things get mixed up with the butter, and perhaps sensitive people would object to chops grilled over a fire made of dung, but we are not sensitive, and our appetite is simply ferocious; every vein in our bodies is tingling with the sweet morning air, and so it is that no meal that was ever cooked seems half so delicious as our chops and eggs eaten out of tin plates, with our laps for table, and the brown veldt for chair and couch. Then ten minutes for a pipe, and the horses are caught and inspanned, and we are off, to do twenty miles before a halt is called, and our morning meal repeated. So we travel on from day to day, through cool mornings and blazing noons, over mile after mile of the great plains; perhaps, if we are lucky, getting an occasional shot at a buck or partridge. Pleasant enough; but there is a reverse to the picture, and, to risk a bull, the reverse is often the side we see. Weather is changeable, and horses are only flesh and blood, and so it is that sometimes for days together there will be a continual downpour of rain, turning the veldt into a sea of mud; or that horses will sicken or die. And travel in such weather, wet, tired, and dirty, doing half the day's journey on foot to spare the exhausted nags, and finding spades as essential to the journey as horses, is wretched work. Nothing stops one so effectually as rain; the horse has yet to be foaled that two or three days of wet weather will not render useless. And when his horse fails him, the hapless wayfarer must only go forth and bargain with a farmer for a fresh steed, when he will find that the crass stupidity of the Boer under ordinary circumstances is quite compatible with very cunning rascality over a horse.

Such are the every-day aspects of South African travel. The only other means of travel are on horseback or by ox-waggon. But neither are much used. The aspect of the country, the uncertainty of finding food for man and beast, and the impossibility of carrying it, prevent long journeys from being made on horseback, while the waggon is too slow for ordinary use. Nevertheless, I know of no more enjoyable way of travelling than in a good and comfortable waggon, with plenty of books and tobacco, and a horse and gun. While the waggon is plodding its slow way along, you can take your horse and gun and go off for the day after buck or quail, catching it up again in the evening. Or should you feel lazy, you can tumble into your hammock with pipe and book, and read or

doze away the sultry noon-tide, being always carried on towards your destination with no effort of your own. You are at least always sure of a warm and clean shelter and good food.

Though there is plenty of roughness about South African life, the roughness is very healthy, and to a certain degree very enjoyable. A good "chum," good-natured and good-tempered, who can talk and shoot and keep silent when he is wanted to, is a prime essential. Arm yourself with this invaluable remedy against *ennui*, take a good gun, and don't omit a large stock of philosophy and of that hardy humour which can even see fun in one's own misfortunes, and I think, with all their drawbacks, you will, like me, look back with pleasure upon your South African travels.

JUSTIN MOLYNEUX.

Cramming and other Causes of Mental Dyspepsia.

IF the mere fact of having suffered acutely from a disorder all one's life is not sufficient to enable the sufferer to analyze it altogether successfully, and to prescribe a remedy for it, yet it at least entitles him to speak pathetically on the subject, and to raise his voice in prophetic warning to others, and cry, "Woe upon the earth and the inhabitants thereof by reason of the great evil that is come upon us." Doubtless, utilitarian minds will censure this "parade of pain," yet as a fact such prophetic utterances have always been listened to, at least with pitying patience, and so if the following remarks are plaintive rather than practical, and conveyed somewhat obscurely, I claim the prophet's privilege to the full.

We have heard a great deal of late from various quarters of the manifold evils resulting from our present system of education, and notably from the extreme to which the competitive method has been pushed. These agitators are becoming far too numerous to be overlooked, as an insignificant handful of growlers such as may be found in opposition to every reasonable institution in existence; and their growlings seem to be of a kind that portend the outbreak of a volcanic eruption at no very distant date. It has been shrewdly remarked more than once, that the fate of a given movement is largely influenced for better or worse by the nickname which it is sure to receive sooner or later, whether from its partisans or its opponents. The power of such a name most probably lies in the fact, that it not only conveys in a ready and portable form a vague and easy explanation of the system or theory, thus saving the unthinking many the trouble of inquiry; but also carries with it, in the nature of the metaphor employed, a judgment favourable or otherwise, thus saving them the still greater labour of deciding for themselves. We cannot then but applaud the prudence of these recent agitators which has

stigmatized the system they oppose as the "Cramming System." Who on earth could dream for a moment of advocating it? Who so simple as not to understand at once what is meant? No sooner is the name uttered than forthwith there rises before our imagination the pale face, the heavy red eyes, the sticky fingers of the schoolboy sated with his recent debauch at the pastry-cook's; and we turn away horror-stricken as we reflect that not only is his stomach loaded to repletion, but that his very pockets are bursting with material wherewith to supply the earliest internal vacancy that may occur.

However, in order that we may judge more impartially as to the merits of this controversy, into which it is not our intention to enter at present, it may not be amiss to form a distinct notion of that evil which is implied in the term "cramming;" to pick out, so to speak, the kernel of the metaphor, and cast away what is worthless, misleading, and inapplicable. Cramming, then, in its primary sense, is objectionable just so far as it interferes with the natural and easy assimilation of food into the system. Of course the same ill-effects may be produced by other causes; by tough and insoluble foods partaken of, even in very small quantities, and in fifty other ways as every professional dyspeptic knows to his cost. Now wherever there is any vital growth and nutrition, however analogous, there we may fitly apply the term "cramming" to express the stunting and perversion of that life by the overtaking of the assimilative powers which minister to its sustenance.

We are not going to inquire now as to whether the idea of cramming may ever be realized in the social order, whether the growth and development of civil society is ever checked and warped by the untimely introduction of would-be improvements and progressive measures for which the public character is yet unprepared; nor as to whether it can find a place in the moral life of the individual where there is an impetuous desire to attain *per saltum* to a high degree of mature perfection, without the fatigue of climbing up the laborious hill of persevering practice; nor can we afford to discuss apart the possibility of "cramming" in the matter of what is called *culture*, by the affectation or "taking on" of refined tastes—tastes for music, painting, antiquities, curiosities, old books and old china—tastes begged, borrowed, and stolen, arduously copied, learnt up out of books; taste where there

412 *Cramming and other Causes of Mental Dyspepsia.*

is really no taste, no pleasure, no inclination. Our present inquiry concerns intellectual life and growth, mental cram, mental congestion, mental dyspepsia.

We are familiar with the saying of one of our own wise men, that "reading maketh a full man, thinking a deep man, speaking a ready man, and writing an exact man." Making allowance for the epigram, we may take "reading" here to stand for *all* our means of acquiring knowledge from without; all that reaches us through our eyes and ears, and goes to make up the building materials of our body of thought. This is of course a *sine quâ non* condition of our mental growth: yet no less necessary is the digestive process of *thinking*, whereby the unassorted entangled mass of nutriment is torn into shreds, resolved into its components, refined and subdivided, and after the rejection of what is worthless, becomes part and parcel of our personality, woven into the very tissue of our spiritual being. On the success of these two processes the health and increase of the individual mind depends.

But none of us is made for himself alone. "Be fruitful, increase and multiply, and replenish the earth," is the imperative law of Life; the right of consumption everywhere entails the duty of production; the intellect, too, must exteriorate itself and produce its kind, impressing its own image and likeness on other minds; and to this end we have been gifted with the faculty of giving expression to our thoughts, which we do chiefly by speech and writing; comprehending under the former all language that addresses itself to the ear, and under the latter all that is directed to the eye. Such then is the intellectual life, reading, thinking, and utterance; the reception of seed, the conception and production of fruit, thirty-fold, sixty-fold, hundred-fold, according to the fertility of the soil. In our thoughts there is, or there ought to be, a two-fold order, scientific and historic, and knowledge received is digested in so far as the principles it contains are linked on to principles pre-existing in the mind, and facts co-ordinated with facts; otherwise it lies in a crude state in the receptacle of our memory productive of nothing but the hiccough.

From this it will be seen that cramming does not always, though it does very frequently, mean the acquisition of a considerable mass of knowledge in a short time. For example, when boys are forced to apply themselves to abstract studies quite above their capacity, the result for any given time is exceedingly small in quantity, and yet even that little has

been merely crammed. On the other hand, as Sir Henry Maine remarks in one of his addresses to the Bengal University (which is well worth reading), quickness in the acquisition of knowledge may, in many cases, imply an amount of energy and concentration which argues well for the solidity of the work. Slow and sure may be very good; but unfortunately slow is not always sure, and quick and sure is certainly better. In this matter, however, we must make great allowance for the almost specific differences of mental constitution. Some cow-like minds love to graze steadily, peacefully, leisurely, pausing ever and anon to ruminate, drawing up cud after cud from the recesses of their memory; mumbling and munching to their souls' content; while others of the boa-constrictor type prefer the periodic excitement of difficult and dangerous deglutition, and after some such enormous bolus, relapse into apparent listlessness and torpor for months; yet in both cases the process may be quite natural, nor need the latter be guilty of cramming any more than the former.

Having now determined more or less what cramming is, and what it is not, we may inquire briefly into some of its causes, and these naturally range themselves under two heads—intrinsic and extrinsic—according as the fault lies with the victim himself, or is to be attributed to outer circumstances over which he has no control.

Attached to the exercise of every power and of every habit, natural or acquired, there is a certain pleasure which, when sought as an end and for its own sake, invariably leads to disorder. The reason is not far to seek; the man who makes pleasure his end will exercise that faculty which yields it most easily and abundantly to the exclusion of the rest, which, in consequence, become atrophied and diseased. So it is with the acquisition, digestion, and expression of our knowledge. The pleasure that some can find in simplifying, refining, theorizing, and other functions of thought, which, when inordinate, leads to the contempt of historical and experimental knowledge, is answerable for much of the subtle hair-splitting and cobweb spinning of the *a priori* schools, ancient and modern; but as this is the vicious extreme contrary to cramming, it does not immediately concern us here. One of the chief enemies we have to deal with is the unbridled greed for the very keen pleasure connected with the "taking in" of new matter; that insatiable feminine curiosity which makes our mother

414 *Cramming and other Causes of Mental Dyspepsia.*

Eve the earliest crammer on record, in the metaphorical, as well as the literal sense. How fatal it is to the other processes of mental life we see well exemplified in the case of the Athenians, once so deservedly famed for their deep and acute thinkers, their orators and writers, but in their degradation notorious only as newsmongers, gadding about from morning till night "to hear or see some new thing"—*ad nihil aliud vacabant nisi aut dicere aut audire aliquid novi*. Such minds, whether dainty or brutally gluttonous, have no care for their own health; the joys of tasting and swallowing leave no room for any further desire; there is no wish to digest or even retain; like the leech whose abdomen has been perforated by the surgeon, they suck away, all heedless that their labours are as fruitless as those of the daughters of Danaus. To this class belongs the whole tribe of dabblers and dippers, who skip and skim through book after book, ever beginning and bringing nothing to perfection. But very often, it is rather to the pleasures accompanying and following the utterance of our knowledge, that mental dyspepsia is to be ascribed as to its origin. As there are men whose delight it is to seem to move in the rank of society next above their own, to hold their heads were it only half an inch higher than their neighbours, and who will make extravagant sacrifices of health, happiness, and comfort, for this paltry end; so there are those who, in spite of inward weariness and disgust, read assiduously, and profess to admire, works which are quite above their capacity, in order that they may quote them and refer to them with a sort of forced enthusiasm on every possible occasion; whereas, by keeping in shallower water for a time, they might breathe easily and find real honest enjoyment and profit.

Worse than this, and more common among those to whom education is somewhat of a novelty, there is that downright vulgarity and conscious sham, that love of gaudy finery which actuates the successful soap-dealer to send his son to Oxford to "pick up a bit of Latin and Greek, you know;" or induces the maid-of-all-work to purloin her young mistress' French grammar, and to practise the piano when left alone in charge of the house. Such a strain seems to run through the minds of those who are ever craving for what is high-sounding and grand, remote and out-of-the-way; who cannot stoop from the transcendental heights of philosophy to the trivialities of correct arithmetic, who are so utterly devoted to foreign and ancient

languages, that they have no time to understand and admire their own.

But the desire of appearing to be a *reader* is not nearly so dangerous as the desire of appearing to be a *thinker*. The premature expression of half-formed opinions has been a cause of mental distortion to many quick, clever, *viewy* men, as they are called. There is something in the utterance of an opinion which tends to fix it for ever in our minds in that same state in which it passes our lips. What floats across our brain as a mere shadowy conjecture, once put forth, is regarded as our own offspring, in whose defence we must hazard everything; to whom we must cling, as a martyr clings to his faith. Hence, so many intellectual ovipara, poor wretched creatures who bring nothing to maturity inside themselves, but as soon as the first germ of an idea has been generated in their minds, turn out their crude conception for the world to admire, with much cackling and ado. We might go on for ever enumerating the unworthy motives for which men will sacrifice the solid advantage of their minds; but let it suffice to say, once and for all, that this sacrifice to the powers of darkness is offered, whenever knowledge is not the principal end, but is sought for the sake of something which is desired more than itself.

I am aware that there is a great prejudice against such expressions as "truth for its own sake," "right for its own sake;" they have been perverted into a kind of sentimental *cant* by positivists, and deprived of the only foundation on which their true significance rests. But surely for us Truth and Right are more than mere abstractions writ big; they stand for God Himself, for the *mind* and *will* of God as realized and realizable in all creatures, more especially in the mind and will of man. This admiration of truth, order, sincerity, and thoroughness, not merely as advantageous, but as things divine and good in themselves; this contempt and dislike of all sham and deception, especially self-deception, not merely as injurious to *us* in the future, but as despicable in themselves, here and in the present—all this is a certain kind of morality and good taste, the cultivation of which is hardly anywhere made a direct object of education. The duties we owe to our highest faculties have scarcely ever been formulated; the *actus cadens in indebitam materiam* seems to have no place here; the crime of the misuse and abuse of our understanding, and the *voluntary* nature of error in many cases, receive but very slight consideration. From what has been said thus far, it would appear, then, the inner causes of

416 *Cramming and other Causes of Mental Dyspepsia.*

cramming and superficiality are nearly co-extensive with human vanity and weakness. But when we look outside, we find other wide-reaching agencies at work; and among the first, that which has been just alluded to, *i.e.*, the system of early education. The importance of the bent which the young mind receives while it is yet pliable, need not be dwelt on here. It is almost a truism to say, that the aim of educators should be to render the mind an apt instrument for the attainment of truth, rather than to stock it with full-blown ideas culled from other minds and stuck down rootless into the unprepared soil—as children make their gardens; the aim should be, to teach them nothing so much as how to teach themselves; to show them, not *what* they are to think, but *how* they are to think, and write, and speak; to cultivate in them a contempt for all manner of gilding, veneering, French-polish, and surface-work.

Obvious as all this is, it is not less obvious that these first principles have hardly yet begun to be put in practice, and that the science of teaching has not yet got so much as a name. It must, however, be allowed that in this quarter the prospect is brightening every day, as the laws of mental growth are getting more universally acknowledged, and the evils of past systems recognized.

Another of the extrinsic causes of cramming may be found in the undue influence of authority in matters of mere opinion. The right limits of this influence, so necessary in the diffusion of knowledge, have been admirably defined in a work by G. Cornwall Lewis, treating expressly of this matter, but would involve us here in too long a discussion. We need only notice the harm done by the superstitious veneration for classical works in all departments, *viz.*, the transfer of our cultus from the once-living creative mind of the author to the creation of his genius, which is only the petrification of one brief stage of his thought. In the words of Emerson:

The love of the hero converts into worship of his statue. Instantly the book becomes noxious. The guide is a tyrant. . . . The sluggish and perverted mind of the multitude, always slow to open to the incursions of reason, having once so opened; having once received the book, stands upon it, and makes an outcry if it is disparaged. Colleges are built on it; books are written on it by thinkers; *not* by man thinking; but by men of talent, that is, by men who start wrong, who set out from accepted dogmas, not from their own sight of principles. Meek young men grow up in libraries

believing it their duty to accept that which Cicero, which Bacon, which Locke have given; forgetful that Cicero, Locke, and Bacon, were only young men in libraries when they wrote these books. Hence instead of man thinking, we have the book-worm. Hence the book-learned class who value books as such; not as related to Nature and the human constitution, but as making a sort of third estate with the world and the soul. Hence the restorers of readings, the emendators, the bibliomaniacs of all degrees. . . . Books are the best of all things, well used; abused, among the worst. What is the right use? They are for nothing but to *inspire*.

It is hardly necessary to point out the congestive effects of prejudice of all kinds whatsoever. If in scientific or historical investigation we start with forefixed conclusions, secretly holding in our hearts that which we profess to be seeking; half consciously resolved to twist facts and ideas into our own pattern, what is this but cramming down a system wholesale and unmasticated. Thus the interest we take in any party or cause is apt to create a bias in favour of the theories and opinions of our associates; even the infallible certainty which faith gives us of many natural truths, often hurries indiscreet enthusiasm to frame inadequate and baseless scientific arguments in support of the same, to the discredit of religion and its defenders, and the great satisfaction of its enemies.

I am afraid it cannot be denied, that at *all* times examinations have been more or less injurious to sincerity of purpose; the renown or emolument they offer to success becoming in very many cases the principal end of study. Prosperity is not considered to be the best atmosphere for virtue to thrive in; praise and reward have often been the cause of venality and degradation in those very arts which they were designed to foster; and the same law would seem to hold good with regard to intellectual excellence. When reward, from being an accompanying circumstance of success, usurps the place of the end, the whole character of the *actus humanus* is changed, and all arts and sciences become subservient to the one great art of passing examinations. It is hard to devise a remedy for this evil; perhaps in some utopia of the future there will be a secret service for the detection of merit as there is with us for the detection of crime; where officers in plain clothes will haunt the village taverns and city garrets, to catch lurking genius in its

unconscious moments. Doubtless they will be provided with warrants to examine anybody, at any time, about anything, to take into custody those who show ability for public service, to sentence others to stand laurel-crowned in the marketplace in a sort of honourable pillory.

"Man judgeth by the outward semblance, God looketh at the heart," says the proverb; no test devised by the wit of man for the detection of genuine virtue could elude the artifices and frauds of hypocrisy, nor has any examination paper ever been drawn up by which the crammer could infallibly be distinguished from the man of real worth. The system of competition as worked at present, however it may act as a stimulus to energy in some cases, must far oftener lead to that tumultuous fussiness and hurry which is so incompatible with the calm, self-directed industry which belongs to the *scholar*, who is by etymology, the man of *leisure*, or of *vacation*, according to the Latin idiom. Further, when we consider the number of accidental circumstances in no way connected with industry or ability which may give one man a few marks more than another; and the practical impossibility of repeating the examination sufficiently often to eliminate the element of chance; and lastly, how much more important moral excellency is than mental in positions of trusts, we cannot but marvel that this short-sighted method of selection has endured so long as it has done.

It is, however, the great and growing extension of the field of learning in all directions which seems to make cramming almost a necessity of our own times. To know ever so little about everything that one is now supposed to know, makes it appear impossible to know much about anything. Nor will it avail one to sacrifice extension to depth, by devoting his energies to some one line and openly professing ignorance of all else; for, except in the case of purely abstract sciences, the connection of all branches of the tree of knowledge is so intimate that none can be broken off without danger to the rest, nor can its growth continue for a moment after such separation. For example, the perfection with which a single period of history is mastered, is just proportional to one's grasp of the preceding and subsequent periods and of the contemporaneous history of other countries, which have all been so well explored as to make ignorance inexcusable; and the like is to be said of all sciences that are in any way dependent on induction or discovery. But to counteract all this, we must consider the wonderful inter-

communication of knowledge; the facility with which we can now avail ourselves of the labours of others; the spirit of public criticism, which protects us from fraud and imposture, and above all, the principle of co-operation, which is now beginning to be applied so successfully to the advancement of learning. Without co-operation, specialization is useless, if not impossible. The isolated worker who plods on in his cell, either gorging down the whole encyclopedia of modern knowledge, or burrowing on like a blind mole heedless of the light all around him, is destined to become a thing of the past, doomed to extinction by the survival of the fittest.

And so, of these exterior causes of mental dyspepsia, the commonest have been at work in all ages; the difference being that in our own time they are better understood, more frequently discussed, and so run a fairer chance of being remedied. It is the very frequency of this discussion that leads unthinking people to imagine that the disease is an exclusively modern development. There is no solid reason for regarding our own age as especially superficial. Owing to the general spread of knowledge it may well be that the number of the crammed is absolutely greater than ever; that where we should have met a thousand cases of pure ignorance a century ago we now meet a thousand victims of board-school dieting. The great minds of the past stand out like stars of the first magnitude against the dark background of their own age, or like saints in a time of widespread moral corruption. It may be that in our own century there are fewer giants, but strong men have so multiplied that their presence excites no wonder; and voices that might once have been heard with undue reverence are now lost in the general uproar. To weigh the advantages of this change against the disadvantages would be an endless task; but the advantages should not be lost sight of. After the folly of despising past ages there is none greater than that of despising our own. As true patriotism should make us prefer our own country without prejudice to others, so a certain loyalty to our own age should lead us, without being blind to its faults, to admire it, to reverence it, to toil for it. We have much to learn from it, and it has much to learn from us; and only by understanding it, can we hope to get it to understand us; and on this mutual understanding our power in it and over it depends.

St. Sauveur.

THE old Church of St. Sauveur in Dinan, stands on the south side of the Place of that name; around the three other sides rise the quaint old high-roofed Breton houses. Little has the old Place changed in the last hundred years or more! Still on Thursdays the peasants congregate there, haggling over the sale of their calves: the poor things lie in scores on the hard pavement, with their legs tied together, amongst the stalls of frippery hardware and vegetables, the shrill voices of the peasant women mingling with the bleating of the calves.

I can see the scene before me now, as it looks on a hot July day: the sunny Place; the peasants in their picturesque costumes, each holding the inevitable stout umbrella, which seems inseparable from a Breton; the quaint old houses, their irregular outlines cut clear against the deep blue sky.

The old church with its ever open doors, through which up the shadowy aisles, one discerns the twinkling lights burning before our Lady's altar, and behind the church the cool, deep shade of the trees in the Jardin Anglais, where from morn till night children shout and play in the alleys, women sit, and knit, and gossip, on the stone step of the centre memorial, and the inmates of the hospital on the right-hand side of the garden (where the Mother of God stands over the door with extended hands, as if to welcome her poor sick children) come forth to breathe the fresh sweet air coming up the river from the sea. You will see them always sitting about on the benches under the huge chestnut-trees, in the walk overhanging the valley, where the country lies extended like a map at your feet, and away up the Rance to your right, rise amongst the woods the ruined towers of the Abbaye of Léhon.

Unchanged is that lovely view, since that aged woman whose years count nearly eighty, and who is now crossing the garden on her daughter's arm, was a laughing, romping child. She is on her way to pay her daily visit to St. Sauveur. Enter

the church after her, and you will find her always in the same place; the old front pew opposite the high altar, in the middle aisle of the church.

Just behind her has knelt often during the past summer an English lady and her brother, he apparently belonging to the army; they are in deep mourning, and bear on their faces the traces of great sorrow.

Strangers, total strangers, different in country and in rank as they are to the old peasant woman, behind whom they kneel, yet the threads of these three lives have mingled unawares; the sorrow which has clouded them had a common source, and often in that old church, for the same souls have their prayers been offered.

If you turn out of the Place St. Sauveur on the right-hand side, and proceed up the little street before you, across the Rue Michel rises an old gateway, surmounted by a statue of the Mother and Child, the little court on the other side of the gateway is surrounded by tall ancient houses; in one of these, nearly eighty years since, lived Camille Desmoulins with her father. Every morning on his way to his work he crossed the Place St. Sauveur with the little maiden of ten years old by the hand, she clad as the little maidens who cross it now, in blue woollen kirtle, wooden sabots, and clean little white cap. Across the Place, up the Rue de la Halle, to the door of the Victoire Convent he led her. Every afternoon at five o'clock, amongst a crowd of many, little Camille ran across the Place, and entering St. Sauveur, went and knelt in the same old pew as you see her now, waiting till her father came to fetch her, but not as you see her now, with head bowed in silent prayer, but fiddling her little rosary, and the little bright face turned every minute to watch the entrance door.

One blustering Thursday morning in March, Camille and her father crossed as usual the Place, but no busy market scene was there; it was deserted, save that a few groups of sullen-looking men stood about the doors of the *cafés*, the other shops were mainly closed, as were the doors of the church.

"Father," said little Camille, "why is the church shut? Will it be open this evening for me to wait for you?"

"I fear, my child," replied Desmoulins, "that it will be many a long day before thou wilt pray in yonder church again. I myself will come for thee to the convent this evening."

"Are we not going home?" inquired Camille some hours

later, when holding by her father's hand, they left the old gateway behind them, and continued their way by the Port de Dinan, where, under the arches, the old women sat of yore as now, surrounded by tempting piles of fruit and vegetables. There was no business doing there to-day, but a few groups of men and women stood about talking in lower tones than usual.

"Halloo, Desmouslins!" called a neighbour, "where goest thou with thy child?"

"Dinan is not a place now for a motherless child, with convents closing, and the house of God shut," answered Desmouslins. "I am taking her to the Sisters at La Garaye till this benighted town comes to its senses!"

And he hurried on with his little girl, down the Grande Rue, past the massive pile of St. Malo, dark against the evening sky, out through the beautiful old Port de Brest into the open country; they turned to the right, skirting the town fosses, and passing the little cemetery, where old Camille will now so soon be borne; they continued down the high-road for about a quarter of a mile, till they perceived low down, before them, the old gateway of the Chateau de la Colinais, embowered in its magnificent chestnut-trees, now just bursting into leaf, then turning to the left, they took a bye-path through a field into a shady lane, leading them down into a deep valley, where even on that day, women were washing in the running brook! They are washing there to-day, and I think the last day will find them, washing, chattering, laughing, and beating the wet linen with their flat wooden shovels, in that wooded valley with the brook running through!

Exchanging a few words with the washerwomen, Desmouslins and his little girl went on through a beautifully wooded country, the evening sky showing clear through the just budding trees, till after twenty minutes walking, they entered the matchless Beech Avenue, nearly half a mile long, leading to the beautiful pile of La Garaye.

Except the washerwomen, they had not seen a soul since they left the town; now in the rapidly deepening twilight they saw a group before them, evidently like themselves, bound for La Garaye.

"It is the Englishman!" said little Camille, "the Englishman with the sick lady!"

A few yards in front of them was a donkey, bearing a lady much wrapped up; her husband led it, and on the other side

walked a handsome English lad, about fourteen years of age. As the sound of their voices reached his ears, the Englishman turned and stopped.

"Ah, my good Desmoussins," said he, "are you taking your child for safety to La Garaye?"

"Yes, sir," replied the workman, taking off his cap, "and madame is, I hope, going there also, though Dinan can ill spare her," and the Frenchman looked affectionately at the sick lady. He remembered "how, when Camille's mother lay dying, day by day, that English lady had come with wine, broth, and, more than all, with gentle voice and hopeful words to cheer the dreary hours. But," he added, "Dinan is not a place for madame now."

"That is true," replied the Englishman, "but I should like to get out of your country, my friend, and when we have placed madame safely with the good Sisters at La Garaye, my son and I are off to St. Malo, where I expect a friend's boat will soon be in, and I can leave the youngster with him whilst I return and fetch my wife."

As they talked they reached the outer porch. The Sister at the door was evidently expecting the English party, but she hesitated at the sight of Desmoussins and his little girl.

"Do not fear, my good Mother," said the Englishman, "this is no Republican, but a worthy son of *la belle* France, come to ask you to take charge of his little girl, and right glad will my lady be of her company, for she knows well the little one."

"I must ask the Sister Superior," said the nun, and retreated.

In a few minutes she returned, the Superior with her, who, after greeting the English party, turned to Desmoussins, saying: "I shall be glad to take charge of your little daughter, my friend, but ugly rumours have reached us this day, that even here there is no certain safety from the bands of ill-disposed and evil men, who, under the name of liberty, are destroying their unhappy country; will you, then, my good man, keep your ears open, and if aught dangerous to us reaches them, give us timely warning?"

"Ah, that I will, Rev. Mother," replied he, "and bring a score of stout hands with me, should defence be needed!"

"And Desmoussins," put in the Englishman, "it will, I hope, be not more than forty-eight hours before I am here again, if danger to these should occur before?"

"With my life will I defend madame," said Desmoussins!

The Englishman wrang his hand, and each went on their separate way, in the rapidly gathering darkness.

Six days later, the Englishman was once more on his way to La Garaye, but not by the same route. As he approached from the high-road, the chateau would not be visible till nearly at the gates. Half-way up the long avenue on this side was a farmhouse. As he neared it, he noticed the unusual stillness, no noisy dogs rushed out to announce his approach; the poultry-yard was open, and the fowls were straying about the road. A presentiment of evil crept over him! He knocked at the door; it was opened by the same Sister who six days before had welcomed them to La Garaye.

He looked in her face! no other inquiry was necessary, the thunderbolt had fallen!

"My wife," said he.

"She is in peace," said the Sister, and led him into the house, and continued her recital.

"She died in my arms, the night after the chateau was burnt. The evening after you left us, monsieur, soon after nightfall, a band of ruffians surrounded the chateau, we were defenceless. The Sister Superior collected the old people and the children around her in the refectory, and tried to keep them quiet, for they were half-mad with fright, monsieur. She spoke to them of the good God, and to be resigned to His will. I had madame near me, and the child Camille Desmouslins. When the great doors gave way, the crowd of half-tipsy, wild men, rushed in. Ah, monsieur! never shall I forget the screams of the poor children! I saw Desmouslins rush in, he made his way to where we stood, and said to me, 'Fear not, I will protect these!' pointing to madame and the child.

"The men were rushing over the house, screaming for wine. The old people were knocked down. I saw an old man fall down, and die near me. I felt petrified, and could not move; at last a man approached and said, 'Ah! here is an aristocrat. Gold, madame, or your life!' Desmouslins placed himself between them, the man tried to push him off, Desmouslins seized him by the throat, others came up, I got knocked down and became insensible. When I recovered my senses, I was lying on the ground in the courtyard. Near me lay the dead body of poor Desmouslins. The chateau was burning. Some Sisters and a few children were around me; they brought me here, where poor madame and the other survivors had already

been taken ; but the shock had been too much for her, she never rallied, and as I told you, died without speaking a word."

As the Sister concluded, she looked at the Englishman, who had listened to this recital with his face buried in his arms, and with the tact that always distinguishes the Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul, she noiselessly left the room.

Twenty-four hours later, the Englishman returned once more to the farmhouse, and asked for the Sister. After a few words of gratitude for her care of his wife, he said, "I leave France this night for ever," and pulling a heavy purse of gold from his pocket, "This is for Camille Desmouslins."

Twenty-five years had passed away, kind hands had been stretched out to befriend the orphan child, and Camille Desmouslins had passed through all the joys of peasant life.

Foremost among her companions she had been the *belle* of the rustic *fêtes* held at La Fontaine de Eaux, and when on the Fête Dieu, the long procession wound its way round the fosses and through the old streets, where every house was decorated, it was Camille, clad in her best attire, with devout mien and eyes cast down, who carried the banner of the Holy Virgin.

She had stood a proud and happy bride at the altar of St. Sauveur, when the Englishman's heavy purse was put into her husband's hand. In her turn she had daily led her children to the classes at La Victoire, and often in winter evenings did she tell them of that terrible Thursday when she crossed the Place St. Sauveur for the last time with her father.

But these golden days of Camille's life passed only too quickly away.

It was the autumn of 1815, the trees in the valley of the Rance, and the woods of Léhon, shone red and yellow in the setting sun. The boys who played in the Jardin Anglais were throwing stones at the chestnut-trees, as do the boys who are playing there to-day. In the hospital near by, many invalids are slowly passing away ; and amongst those who had returned maimed from Waterloo to die in his native town, was Camille's husband.

Daily now did she cross the Place, and go round by the church to the hospital, where the dying man sat propped in a chair by the open window, and, often holding his wife's hand, he would tell the tale of that fatal day, and how when he lay wounded and parched with thirst on the field of death, he had called aloud in his native tongue : "Is there no help for me?"

and how an English officer passing with a party seeking their friends amongst the dead and dying, had answered in the Breton tongue, "No Breton shall die unaided by me. A Breton died to save my mother!"

"They carried me to the hospital, and took off my leg. After a few days, when I had somewhat rallied, I asked for my English officer, and they told me his regiment had left, but that he had often come to see me whilst I was insensible, and had left money to take me home," and, added the dying man, "never forget, my Camille, when thou prayest in yonder church for thy husband's soul, to beg the blessing of God on him to whom we owe these last days together. I often think," continued he, "that he might have been the son of the English lady thou hast so often spoken of, who perished at La Garaye."

"Truly it might have been," replied Camille, "for he knew our tongue well. Ah! he was a bright and pretty lad, and often did he kneel with me in yonder church at the High Mass on Sundays! May our Lady protect him!"

"Amen," said the dying soldier.

That night when the harvest-moon was flooding the beautiful valley of the Rance with light, and touching with silver the old buttresses and spires of St. Sauveur, across the Place in the bright moonlight, her head bowed in grief, walked the widowed Camille, holding her little son by the hand.

"Mother," said the boy, "when I am a man, and a soldier, if I am in a battle with an Englishman, I will die to save him!"

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It was Waterloo day once more, but now Bretons and Britons were united against a common foe. On the heights above Sebastopol, all through the long, dreary, ice-bound winter, had they served together night and day in the trenches, and now on Waterloo day, the English were to strike a blow at the enemy.

In the middle of the *melee* an English officer had fallen, and another was fighting against odds over his prostrate body. A brave Breton soldier, perceived the brothers, for so they were. They were not unknown to him. Often in the past winter had they given him a pipe in the cold trenches, and he had many times shared with them his good hot French soup.

He saw that it would be almost certain death, and for an instant he wavered, thoughts of his far away Breton home, of

his young wife, of his old mother, floated through his mind, then clear before his memory's eye rose the Place of St. Sauveur in the bright moonlight of that autumn night that left him fatherless, and he heard his own childish voice repeating, "Mother, I will die for an Englishman!"

Making the sign of the Cross, the brave Breton rushed to the rescue, striking right and left. In a few minutes the rush of battle moved on, and the surviving English officer turned to thank his rescuer, but only to receive his last sigh, as he sank on the dead body of the other brother.

A few hours later he laid them in a common grave. "Strange fate," said he, "my brother, thou liest by a Breton as our grandmother at La Garaye."

Reviews.

I.—A HISTORY OF THE SEVEN HOLY FOUNDERS OF THE ORDER OF THE SERVANTS OF MARY.¹

THE Order of the Servants of Mary sprang into existence in the thirteenth century. It is of Italian origin, the city of Florence was its cradle. Although it spread rapidly throughout the whole of Italy, and in Southern Germany, houses of the Order have never been very numerous in the other continental countries, and until the middle of the present century there was not a single foundation in England. Some twenty years ago, the Servite Fathers came to this island, and the Order will, it is hoped, by God's blessing, strike deep root and grow and flourish in our soil. The distinctive aim and appointed task of the Servites is to cultivate and extend devotion to the Immaculate Mother of God, to place her before the faithful in her character of Mother of Sorrows, standing by the Cross of Jesus, beholding, compassionating, sharing in the sufferings of her Son; a character in which mankind at large, fond of pleasure and averse to the contemplation of grief, are naturally little prone to regard her with attention.

Each one of the ancient and illustrious Orders which have given so many Saints to the Church of God can boast as its founder a man of pre-eminent sanctity, who shines in the Church's firmament as a star of the first magnitude. The Servite Order is in this respect privileged beyond all others. It is represented, not by a single luminary, but by a whole constellation, by a group of seven, like the seven bright stars we know so well, which nightly appear in our northern heavens. Not one, but seven holy founders originated the Servants of Mary, seven men who in their life, and in their death, glorified God and edified mankind.

¹ *A History of the Seven Holy Founders of the Order of the Servants of Mary.* By Father Sostene M. Ledoux, O.S.M. Translated from the French. London: Burns and Oates, Limited.

The early years of the seven holy founders, whose lives have already been set before us by Father Soulier's able pen, and are now depicted afresh in a more extensive form by another priest of the same Order, were spent amid stirring scenes. Florence, their native place, was disturbed by party faction and civil strife, private animosities ran high, giving rise to public crimes, while unchecked vice vitiated the moral atmosphere of the beautiful city. Little is known of the youth of the future Saints, except that their piety preserved them intact among the dangers that assailed them. Apparently they were strangers to one another until they met as members of the *Laudesi*, a confraternity established in honour of our Lady. Community of thought and feeling speedily united them in the firmest friendship, for an all-compelling power guided their steps, by different paths, to one and the self-same goal. What more beautiful picture can be conceived than that which the biographer presents to us of these seven young men, whose families held a conspicuous position in the Republic, and to whom high offices of state were open, despising worldly ambition and pleasure and devoting themselves to the service of God at a moment when the future offers the fairest promise, the most alluring prospects, when scarce a shadow crossed their sun-lit path, scarce a cloud obscured the smiling face of heaven. Possessed of the advantages of birth and fortune, some of these youths were highly educated, and all were bountifully gifted by nature; of one we read that he possessed extraordinary beauty of person; of another that his intellectual powers were of a brilliant order; of a third that he was beloved by all on account of the sweetness of his disposition; of a fourth that in his charm of manner and conversational talents he captivated and dominated his companions. To the simplicity and innocence of childhood these generous souls united the force and vigour of manhood; their fervent and unobtrusive piety deepened and strengthened day by day, and to sanctify themselves was the chief object of their life. Three of the number successfully resisted the pressure put upon them by their relatives, who wished them to marry, the four others consented to be bound by earthly ties.

Their vocation was determined on the feast of the Assumption, 1233, when they were present in their chapel, with the other members of the sodality.

Suddenly the seven Saints beheld an orb of supernatural light, from which darted forth rays so pure and penetrating that they remained, as

430 *The Seven Holy Founders of the Order of Mary.*

it were, spell-bound. At the same time their souls were flooded with sweetness, and they felt an ardent longing for the joys of Heaven, all the things of earth seeming to them beyond measure wearisome. Yet at first they understood nothing definite: but they had not long to wait before their expectant hearts were more than satisfied.

In the centre of the radiant orb appeared a Lady, bright and beautiful, surrounded by angels, and bending with a loving smile towards the seven Saints. They knew they could not be mistaken. It was Mary, the Mother of God, who deigned thus to show herself to her servants.

Soon she spoke, and her words seemed even sweeter than her smile, as, in a voice of motherly gentleness, she thus addressed them: "Leave the world, and withdraw yourselves together into a solitary place, that so you may learn to conquer yourselves, and live for God alone. Thus you will receive heavenly consolations, and my aid and protection shall never fail you." Then the vision disappeared.

The Office was over, and the members of the confraternity, with the exception of these favoured ones, quitted the chapel. But these seven continued kneeling, motionless, and unconscious of the lapse of time, each longing to impart to the others the wondrous vision, yet not knowing how to break the charmed silence. Bonfilii Monaldi was the first to speak. As he was the eldest, it would seem to be expected of him; and accordingly, doing violence to his natural humility, he related what he had just seen. He told how the Blessed Virgin had appeared to him, how she had invited him to withdraw from the world, and how gladly he had responded to her call. The others then, with one voice, proclaimed that they had had the self-same vision, and that they were equally ready to obey the summons of their Queen. (p. 50.)

The next step was to free themselves from all earthly ties and encumbrances. In the case of those who had wives and children to provide for, the matter was a difficult one. The victory over nature was, however, gained; in the incredibly short space of twenty-three days all the business was arranged, and the seven Saints were free to obey the supernatural call. They adjourned to a secluded spot not far from the city, and there followed a strict rule of life.

On their returning to Florence shortly after, to obtain the sanction of the Bishop, a miraculous incident occurred which roused the enthusiasm of the crowd that followed them to the highest degree.

Suddenly, amidst the hum of the multitude, infant voices were heard distinctly exclaiming: "See, here are the Servants of Mary!" All were struck with astonishment at hearing such articulate sounds from the lips of children in arms, and all declared that the like had

The Seven Holy Founders of the Order of Mary. 431

never been known before ; whilst many proclaimed aloud that the seven must be Saints, and Saints too, especially dear to our Lady. (p. 58.)

Later on a second occurrence of a similar nature confirmed their adoption of the name thus given to them.

Whilst two of them were going from door to door in quest of food for the community, infant voices were again permitted to speak distinctly and plead with their mothers and nurses the cause of the holy religious. One of these little ones was Philip Benizi himself, who, being then barely five months old, stretched forward smiling from his mother's arms, saying : " Mother, here come the Servants of Mary ; give them an alms." (p. 61.)

It would be impossible for us to trace in these pages the history of the holy founders on their withdrawal from the neighbourhood of Florence and adoption of a solitary life on Monte Senario. The reader will find well and fully described in the work before us, how they lived in the practice of prayer and penance until our Lady again appeared to them, revealing to them the plan of the Order ; how the Rule was drawn up and the Constitutions formed ; the many difficulties they met with in obtaining the sanction and approval of the Holy See ; the opposition they encountered, the celestial consolations accorded to them, and their final success in the extension and consolidation of their Order. Nor can we speak of the work severally accomplished by each of the seven founders, the trials, conflicts, and triumphs each one passed through before, having seen his spiritual sons grow up around him, he went at the close of a long life to his eternal reward.

And if the lives of these seven Saints were beautiful, their deaths were even more so. The circumstances attending the departure of not one alone, but each and all of this little band, testified beyond all doubt that they entered immediately upon the enjoyment of eternal glory. We cannot end this notice of Father Ledoux's history better than by narrating, in his own words, the closing scenes of the three last of the holy founders.

St. Hugh and St. Sostene had been almost inseparable companions all their life through. Together they went to Germany, to glorify God by their example and their labours, living more like angels than mortal men, and together, when worn out by age, they withdrew to the retreat of Monte Senario.

432 *The Seven Holy Founders of the Order of Mary.*

These worthy Servants of Mary died as they had lived, with the praises of their Queen upon their lips. Lying side by side on their poor beds of straw, they were reciting together the crown of our Lady, when two angels, approaching St. Sostene, spoke to him in tones of heavenly sweetness. "Come, O Sostene," they said, "it is now time for that pure soul of thine to return to its Creator!" And bearing this precious pearl with them, they winged their way upwards to the throne of Mary. St. Hugh, seeing this, cried out: "O Sostene, my beloved brother, wait, I beg of thee, wait for me!" And as he was thus speaking, his soul, too, took flight, and being received by one of the angels, was presented, together with that of St. Sostene, to the Most Blessed Virgin, amidst the joyful acclamations of the whole court of Heaven.

That very night, after the two holy founders had breathed their last sigh, St. Philip, whilst at prayer, fell into an ecstasy. He beheld two angels, who, plucking two beautiful lilies on the holy mountain, offered them to our Lady, and she, receiving them with a smile, presented them to her Son, and He then placed them together in a precious vase for all the heavenly hosts to contemplate their beauty, and to admire in them a perfect model of brotherly love. By this mystical vision St. Philip knew that the two Saints had departed to the life eternal. (p. 263.)

The death of St. Alexis, the last of the seven founders, who by his own desire had remained a lay-brother, is taken from Father Mati's Reminiscences:

"Happy old Saint that he was!" Mati writes. "Jesus called him to His Paradise after seventy-seven years of faithful service, for he was one hundred and ten years old when he died."

All our brethren hastened to surround his death-bed, and truly it was a joy to see how he welcomed death. He saw doves flying about him; these must have been angels under that form, for certainly no birds could have got in by any natural means. All of a sudden he cried out joyously: "Kneel down, all of you; do you not see Jesus? Happy are those who serve Him faithfully, with great humility and purity, for a glorious crown awaits them." And then he repeated, as was his custom, one hundred *Ave Marias*, and when he had said the last of these, he expired. All the people were deeply grieved, for they held Alexis to be a Saint. And for many days they were allowed to come from all parts to venerate the holy remains; after which Father Amideus, the Prior, caused the body to be carried to the holy mountain to rest with those of our other saintly Fathers." (p. 276.)

2.—THE PERFECTION OF MAN BY CHARITY.¹

We have read this unpretending, but solid and edifying work with much pleasure, and heartily commend it to our readers. Its scope is sufficiently expressed by the title, as it is an attempt to reduce all the processes and practices of the spiritual life to the one great principle of Divine charity. The author is profoundly impressed with the idea, which is borne out by experience as well as theory, that as simplicity of aim and method is an infallible test of progress in holiness, so it will also be a most potent help to it. All spiritual writers are agreed that charity and holiness are convertible terms, but there is a difference in the way in which they insist on the truth. And it is a truth that cannot be fully mastered, until after years of hard labour the soul has become well warmed through by the heat of charity. Father Buckler would have the eye of the soul fix itself clearly and steadily on this truth from the very first, and direct all its labour and all its efforts to the simple aim of an increase of charity, rather than spread its energies over a more varied field of action by working up a multiplicity of virtues.

The book is divided into two parts, in the former of which the necessity and the greatness of charity is treated of from various points of view, and especially in so far as it unites us to our last end. In the second part, which is much longer as well as more directly practical than the other, we are directed to the exercise of the virtue, especially by means of prayer and mortification, and indeed, by all other practices of perfection which are and must be subordinate to the one great principle of Divine Love.

The chapters on the right-ordering of Charity by Discretion, and on Charity in Suffering, are particularly useful; but it would be difficult to point out any part of his work which is not marked by sound doctrine and Christian common sense. The author has evidently made himself master of the subject, and draws copiously upon the great authorities upon it, whether they are Fathers, theologians, or ascetical writers. He quotes most perhaps from St. Augustine, St. Thomas, St. Teresa, and à Kempis, but he also lays under contribution the Benedictine Father Baker and the Jesuit Rodriguez, as well as a host of

¹ *The Perfection of Man by Charity.* A Spiritual Treatise. By Father H. Reginald Buckler, O.P. London: Burns and Oates.

other writers ancient and modern. In fact, the work is a perfect repertory of beautiful and apposite quotations on the subject of charity, which gives it an evident utility of its own; though we confess that for reading right on it is, perhaps, overstocked with excerpts.

If Father Buckler had given more space to developing in his own style the thoughts and maxims of the great spiritual writers, we think the book (always understanding it as a book to be read, and not merely to be referred to in the preparations of sermons or exhortations) would be much more pleasant and hardly less instructive. For the truths that he wished to impress on the reader are of a nature not so much to need a great show of names to establish them, as to require to sink into our minds by calm discussion, homely illustration, and practical application to our personal wants. And though the writer, no doubt from a feeling of modesty, has given us comparatively little of his own, there are yet some passages which prove that he is well able to write with effect. The following passage is a good instance of his style. He is proving that in the religious life, regulations which appear small and perhaps harassing, are of real importance when carried out in a spirit of love. He says :

The fact is that the rules of the religious life are the chosen instruments in God's hands for forming the religious man, and aiding him daily and most effectually to his end of perfect charity. As in the formation of a fair statue, the rough stone must be cut away by many a hard knock of the hammer, and then be gradually and carefully brought into shape by repeated strokes of the chisel; and as the sculptor must then use a number of smaller, finer, and sharper instruments, each contributing to bring on the statue to its perfection; so in religion, we are engaged in the formation of the Divine Image of perfect charity in the soul. The departure from the world and the early exercises of religious life serve for taking off the roughness of our former habits: but the soul as yet is far from its due resemblance to the Divine model. A great deal of careful work remains to be done before it reaches anything like its proper perfection. The hammer and chisel of mortification and prayer must do their work, cutting away, paring down, subduing, refining, and refashioning the habits and dispositions of the natural man, and making the various powers and senses surrender to the influence and movement of the Spirit of God. God Himself is doing the work. But He has His appointed instruments by means of which He works the desirable change within us. These instruments are the very rules we are now considering. (p. 126.)

There is also a fine passage (on pp. 160, 161) in which the idea is evolved that as charity (or the love of God) is the active principle of grace, cupidity (or the love of self) is the corresponding principle in nature antagonistic to the other. This is a very old truth, but it may be made very fresh when it is well put. Here the contrast is couched in terms that seem, as it were, a sort of echo of the celebrated passage in the Third Book of the *Imitation*, where the workings of nature and of grace are so marvellously opposed. This may seem almost extravagant praise, and we should gladly support it by another extract did our space permit.

In noticing a work by a Dominican Father, it is perhaps superfluous to remark that it is pervaded by a calm theological tone, and that the influence of the Angelical Doctor may be clearly discerned in it. But we mention this because it is so common to hear ascetical writings spoken of as if they must of necessity be above (would it not be truer to say below?) the requirements of dogmatic science. We shall hope to see further results from Father Buckler's pen. Perhaps he could be induced to expand into a work like the present, the doctrine of St. John of the Cross, which he has touched upon in the chapter on Prayer, which is far too short for a sufficient treatment of the subject.

3.—COSMOGONY FROM THE STANDPOINT OF CHRISTIAN
SCIENCE.¹

[3] We welcome Father Braun's *Cosmogony from the Standpoint of Christian Science*, as an admirable work for the general reader on a subject never so new as to-day. The volume is made up of well-written magazine articles, composed in the course of last year on one consecutive plan, and treats in considerable detail of the formation of primeval matter into the existing Cosmos, palæontology being excluded. The following extract will give a general notion of the principles which have guided our author in his work.

¹ *Ueber Kosmogonie vom Standpunkt christlicher Wissenschaft, mit einer Theori der Sonne, und einigen darauf bezueglichen Philosophischen Betrachtungen.* Von Kar Braun, S.J., Dr. Th. et Ph. 314 pp.

436 *Cosmogony from the Standpoint of Christian Science.*

From the point of view of the Christian thinker moderate Darwinism is neither insufficient nor impossible, because behind the names of "law" and "power" he sees a sufficient reason for their realities in the Creator. But when that theory outgrows its sphere and even endeavours to exclude a Creator, then it is evidently one of the most incapable of guides, ostentatiously refusing to answer the very questions which are of greatest importance. (p. 204.)

But while he entirely rejects a theory of mere evolution, he is equally (p. 223) decided in condemning those who hold that all species of plants and animals were created perfect. Rather the seeds, germs, or spores of the primary genera were created, and these subsequently in the right environment developed into species, &c. Again the divisions called "days" of creation in the first chapter of Genesis, are very long periods, sometimes overlapping one another. The events assigned to them are not always fresh interferences of the Creator's hand (though sometimes they may be), but at least designate some fresh change or new state with regard to the earth. He insists on the account being considered an historical one, and maintains that, making due allowance for the purpose and point of view of the composer, it will always be found not only in accord with the deductions of science, but that it will notice some of the leading phenomena to which science points, and will commemorate them in their historical order.

Whether the author be right or not in the views which he espouses (he might, we think, have dwelt a little more on the liberty which must be left to those who hold opposite opinions), he certainly displays great ingenuity in explaining the difficulties which have generally been considered the weightiest against him. Of these one of the chief is the placing of the creation of light before that of the sun. After giving with approval the old solution of clouds of vapour surrounding the earth for ages, he goes on to Helmholtz and Thompson's theory, and asks whether, even supposing that Moses had been well acquainted with approved theories of physics, he would have had to write differently from what he has written.

In no wise, for it is science herself who teaches us, that the sun never burst into flame on a sudden as a gas-jet does when touched by a burning match. The process, of which a sun is the result, is an extremely slow one, and the question naturally arises what part of it is understood when we say that the sun was made? Is it the first

Cosmogony from the Standpoint of Christian Science. 437

appearance of the sun-matter? or the phosphorescent glimmer of an immense nebula, or the brighter light of an orb still vast in size and now first showing a faint glow of native heat? Or is it, in fine, the radiance of the condensed mass, reduced indeed in volume but shining in the full brilliance of white heat? Surely from a scientific standpoint we must answer that it is the last state which is meant. And yet many another state must have preceded that latter. There must have been a period of moderate white light, then of yellow light, then of bright red, then cherry red, dark red, &c. And doubtless each one of these sun-periods must have lasted many million years. On the other hand, it is not only possible, but well-nigh certain, that these periods in the development of the sun were contemporary with the early periods of the formation of our earth, as we have already pointed out. (pp. 101, 102, 184, &c.)

But if this is so, then it is not only not wrong, but exactly correct to say that on the first "day" of creation the light of the sun existed, though the sun itself was not [completely] formed. . . . Then it would have been a mass irregular in shape, glowing with dark red, and it was not until after passing through various conditions and intervals that it reached on the fourth "day" the highest degree of white heat. (p. 231.)

The nature of Father Braun's investigations and the limits of our space make it impossible for us to follow him here through the many interesting problems, which he states and solves with great clearness and precision. His theory of the sun (pp. 113—167) is perhaps the most valuable and original part of the book. His account of the "formation of the suns" (pp. 22—36), of the ice periods—in which he follows Dr. Croll—(pp. 96—102), of planetary systems (pp. 36—65), as well as an excellent discussion of the days of creation (pp. 212—234), from which we have already quoted, are all admirable in their way. We extract, almost at haphazard, a few results arrived at. Erosions are pointed to by geologists for which no adequate explanation would seem to be offered by our present experiences; Father Braun, however, presents us (p. 92) a very plausible calculation, from which it would appear that the whole mass of water on the globe must have been drawn up into the air and precipitated as rain some four thousand two hundred times during the geological periods. Again, the sun and earth are not cooling off, but rather rising in temperature (pp. 103, 236). The destruction of the earth by collision with a comet is a scientific possibility (p. 271), which derives some confirmation from 2 St. Peter iii. 10, St. Luke xxi. 25, 26.

438 *Cosmogony from the Standpoint of Christian Science.*

The book commences with a very full Table of Contents ; we should, however, have preferred an Index.

Father Braun professes to treat of cosmogony from the standpoint of Christian science, but here the reader need not fear being inveigled into religious disputes or involving himself in apologetics of any sort. On the contrary, one of our author's first principles is that experimental science properly so called treats solely of second causes, and has in itself nothing to say to the first cause, except in so far as it provides data, on which philosophy can base her reasonings. Like a true scientist, he confines himself to his own sphere, and when he does *data occasione* go beyond, as, for instance, in treating of the days of Genesis, he is careful to tell us that this is not science, but then shows perfect competence to treat these adjacent questions as a philosopher and a theologian.

We close our review of this very valuable and entertaining book with the following anecdote about Laplace :

When this great savant presented his *Exposition du Système du Monde* to Bonaparte, then First Consul, the latter said to him : "Newton speaks of God in his works, but in looking through your book I could see no mention of Him." Hereupon Laplace is reported to have answered : "Citizen First Consul, I have no need of that hypothesis."

Now this story has been widely circulated for the express purpose of showing that to a genius so eminent as Laplace, God was a mere hypothesis. But in truth this is not so, and M. Faye has done a real service in making this clear. The fact is that Newton was not so far advanced in cosmological science as to be able to explain the tangential movement of planets from purely physical laws (see p. 17), and he therefore had to suppose that the Creator gave the required impulse to each planet. Again, Newton was not yet able to discuss analytically the mutual disturbances of the planets, or to show that these disturbances would not alter the stability of the whole system, even though extended over thousands of years. But Laplace, with improved theory and more perfect analysis, came to the conclusion that the interference of the Creator was unnecessary *for these purposes*, and therefore he could truly say that he had no need of that hypothesis. (p. 282.)

Moreover Laplace himself objected to the story, and desired before his death that it should not appear in any memoir concerning him.

4.—DR. LITTEDALE AND THE JESUITS.¹

The agitation against the Jesuit Estates Bill has brought the Society of Jesus a good deal before the Canadian public of late, and an incidental outcome of it has been an encounter in the *Ottawa Evening Journal* between Father Lewis Drummond, S.J., and Dr. Littledale. The little pamphlet under notice preserves the record of the controversy. Father Drummond had occasion in a public lecture to animadvert on Dr. Littledale's article on the Jesuits in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, and to charge him with having there resorted to deliberate mistranslation and falsification of the Latin text of the Constitutions of the Society, with the view to credit it with the maxim that "the end justifies the means." Dr. Littledale, in reply, claims to find the maxim in a Constitution (part vi. chap. v.) which in reality declares that the Rules of the Society, except where they involve the vows, are not to be taken as enforced under penalty of sin. "That the Constitutions do not create an obligation under sin" (*obligationem peccati*) is the title of the chapter, and the doctrine is common to the Society along with the majority of religious orders and congregations. To enforce observance under sin lies within the competence of a Superior possessing the right to command obedience. But it would be most inadvisable to resort to this enforcement except on the rare occasions when obedience is for some reason most necessary and yet not obtainable from the indocility of the subject with less than this degree of pressure. To oblige under sin more often would only be to multiply occasions of sin; for human nature is frail and likely to transgress at times against rules which descend even to the *minutiae* of religious observance. On the other hand, general obedience can be secured by an appeal to the nobler qualities of the heart; "the love and desire of all perfection succeeding," as St. Ignatius beautifully says in this same Constitution, "in the place of the fear of sin."

Although this doctrine is so common among Catholic religious persons, Dr. Littledale's boasted study of Catholic literature has not brought him into contact with it. "This is sheer nonsense," he says of it, "and I need not waste any time over it." Not knowing what any well-disposed person endowed with ordinary common sense should have gathered from the Consti-

¹ *Controversy on the Constitutions of the Jesuits.* Between Dr. Littledale and Father Drummond. Winnipeg: Manitoba Free Press Print.

tution itself, he proceeds to excogitate for it another meaning. Its purport, it seems, is to lay down in cold blood that the Rules do not oblige the subject to commit sin on their behalf except on rare occasions when, for important reasons, the Superior may give a command by which the sin is specifically required. Of course the language of the passage has to be put to the torture before it can be made to lend itself to so outrageous a construction. But Dr. Littledale is at home in the use of the literary rack. *Oplet* is changed into *oportet*; possibly on the faith of a misprint, obvious if it exists, in a particular edition of the Constitutions—the Roman edition of 1570—to which he makes appeal, but to which neither Father Drummond nor ourselves have access. An *etiam* is left untranslated; *cum*, in spite of context, translated *although*; *quidem*, *moreover*; *quemadmodum dictum est*, *as is said*. With the assistance of these eccentricities of rendering, and with the cool suppression of a clause expressly stating that sin is the one exception which can never fall under an obligation of obedience, he is able at last to extract from the passage the meaning which he desires. This is done by insisting that “*nullas constitutiones . . . posse obligationem ad peccatum mortale vel veniale inducere*,” must mean “involve obligation to commit sin mortal or venial.” The phrase could not mean “obligation under penalty of sin,” he assures us magisterially, as that would be *sub peccato*, not *ad peccatum*. Apparently it does not enter into Dr. Littledale’s philological notions that the same ultimate meaning may be expressed by more than one construction in Latin as well as in English. But then Dr. Littledale’s philology is a bit narrow. Perhaps after the curious translations just enumerated, some might even consider it defective; and we may add that we are reminded of a letter of his which we have seen, where he stakes his own credit and professes to stake that of “two double-firsts” on the accuracy of a rendering supported by two huge solecisms such as would have entailed acute pains on the schoolboy of the good old days. Could not our industrious slanderer save a little time for the refurbishing of his school knowledge of simple Latin constructions? Then his frequent claims to decide magisterially on such points might be brought more into harmony with the facts.

That Father Drummond has smitten his adversary hip and thigh, will be the judgment of every intelligent reader who is prepared to take the little pains needed to follow him into some

necessary grammatical details. Unfortunately the number of painstaking readers is not large, a fact which accounts for the license accorded to the Littledales and their methods. Perhaps, however, Canadian readers may be less slothful than those nearer home, in which case Father Drummond is to be congratulated on the useful little pamphlet he has written.

5.—BEFORE OUR LORD CAME.¹

All those who have had to do with young children, if they have tried the experiment, have found out how fascinated they are by Old Testament stories. They never weary of them, but again and again ask for the same to be repeated to them. Often a child will beg to have an old familiar story retold rather than listen to a new one. "Joseph and his Brethren," or "Jonas and the Whale," will satisfy a little child for weeks. But they must be told so that a little child can understand them, and that is not what everybody can do. To speak to little children, and to speak to poor people, is much the same, and it must be confessed that it is a rare gift. Most of us are at the mercy of words. There is a traditional way in which a thing is said, and we feel safe when so speaking and lost if we have to leave those particular words—ponderous words, often enough, and sometimes obscure and ambiguous words. Bigger children may learn them by heart, with not a little weariness of soul, but little children can make neither head nor tail of them. Yet a very young child will eagerly listen to a story if it is simply and naturally told. And no food can be better for them. Those young impressions last as long as life. They become so thoroughly a part of the child's mind that they recur to the memory on the least provocation. Then, too, simple stories carry their own moral, and the story fixes the lesson by the force of an unfailing association. The foundation of a spiritual building is thus laid with some children, while other children are simply running wild.

Catholic children have been at a disadvantage here, and at a needless disadvantage. The lovely stories of the Old Testament,

¹ *Before Our Lord Came; an Old Testament History for Young Children.* By Lady Amabel Kerr. London: Burns and Oates.

with all their rich appeal to the imagination and their splendid treasures of religious teaching, are far less familiar to them than they should be. They are our inheritance, and the inheritance of our children, and happy is the little boy or girl who stands at a father's knee or sits on a mother's lap, listening with open eyes and ears and mouth to the stories that have instructed and charmed hundreds of generations. And happy the father and mother that can tell them well. That which is a pleasure to both will be well told. But to have this pleasure in telling, there must be a perfect familiarity—the little listener will detect the least variation or change in the facts—and there must be, besides, the gift of thinking simply and of easily expressing the simple thought.

Parents and children will alike be grateful to Lady Amabel Kerr, who has prepared for them this little book of Old Testament stories, under the appropriately simple title, *Before Our Lord Came*. There they are, the dear old stories, about fifty of them, told as a child would love to hear them told, and without a word that a Catholic cannot read to a child. The names to which Catholics are accustomed from the Douay Bible are all given, so that from the beginning the child should catch them aright. Noe is there, and Elias, and Eliseus, and Nabuchodonosor; and, better than the Catholic form of names, the stories that Protestants call apocryphal, but which are a portion of the Catholic child's heritage, Tobias, and Judith, and the idol Bel, and the seven brave Machabees. Lady Amabel tells the children her stories with a charming simplicity, and with a wonderful freedom from sermonizing: both of them qualities that will attract the childish mind. Not a "dry" word will a child find from beginning to end; and, if truth be told, children of an older growth will not easily let the book go, till they have read it through. Old friends we find in a new dress; and it is surprising how, when familiar tales are naturally retold, circumstances strike the mind that were unnoticed before. We may add that the full-page woodcuts are in admirable taste and will help to make the book popular with children.

6.—SONGS OF REMEMBRANCE.¹

The volume before us forms the seventeenth of a list of books reprinted from our Dublin contemporary, *The Irish Monthly*. Amongst them are *The Lectures of a Certain Professor* and that beautiful story, *The Wild Birds of Killeevy*. Quite worthy of a place with its predecessors comes this youngest child of Maga, *Songs of Remembrance*. Though Katherine Tynan, Rosa Mulholland, and others have reprinted poems from the pages of *The Irish Monthly*, this is the first volume the contents of which have appeared nowhere else in the first instance. If the treasury holds more of this quality, by all means let us have it brought to light again. But to our poetess. In one hundred and thirty-six pages she has gathered together fifty-five poems, the primary purpose of the best of them suggesting the dedication of the whole, "To my brother's memory, in sorrowful love and reverence, I inscribe this book." The brother referred to, as our readers will probably have guessed, is, or was, Dr. Ryan of Ballingarry, one of the many holy and talented priests whom Ireland has produced of late. The Table of Contents will show how varied are the subjects on which the poems are written. No less varied are the metres, chosen for the different themes with correct taste and sound judgment. The sonnets are fifteen in number, in which we are glad to see that Miss Ryan confines herself strictly to the exactest Italian form. Some of these crystallised thoughts are exceedingly beautiful, notably "A Promise," and the two headed "Constant."

But, much as we admire them, the sonnets are not the pieces which give us most pleasure, but the lyrics of looser structure, and the solitary specimen of blank verse entitled "A Presentiment." It is a trite remark that a poet's capability may be best judged of by his blank verse. Weighed in this balance, the author of this poem will not be found wanting. In proof let us cite the concluding lines:

Wandering alone what time the darkness falls
 Athwart the twilight hills, when the sad winds
 Come laden with the scent of dreaming flowers,
 And, like a timid guest, the strange moon stands

¹ *Songs of Remembrance*. By Margaret Ryan (Alice Esmonde). Dublin: M. H. Gill and Son.

Upon the farthest crystal of the skies,
 I catch the spirit music of your life,
 Your youth of prayerful courage, and strong hope
 And lowliness of heart—that sweetest grace
 That crowned so many graces in your soul ;
 And, oh ! with what sad eyes, grown dim with tears
 I bow my head and know that you are near,
 And mark the gulf that lies betwixt us two,
 And think of the sweet days so long since dead.

We venture to recommend the substitution of *nigh* for *near* as the end-word of the antepenultimate line of the extract, but apart from this it appears flawless. It reminds us of Mrs. Browning, who is also recalled to our remembrance by "The Cry of the Souls." "Reveries" and "Twilight," in the measure made famous by the Laureate's "In Memoriam," if once read, are sure of becoming favourites with the reader. But we have not space at our disposal to go through the many metres and forms of verse here used, nor to point out all that has pleased us in the perusal. The writer of these poems has a delicate soul, sensitive to the influence of all human passions, full of zeal for good and pity for misfortune, sympathetic and loving, warmly devoted to Jesus and Mary. Though we find no directly descriptive poem from her pen, many lines might be quoted which prove her love of Nature and her acquaintance with the great features and small details of Nature's changing appearances. If not directly treating religious topics in most instances, still everywhere from cover to cover is much that will console and instruct the feeble soul, and improve in God's service the noblest and highest mind that may receive an impress from the volume. In conclusion, we give the following passage, picked at random from "To Alice."

Sweet are the violets hid in the ground,
 Tender the green on the woodbine spray,
 And the rippling sound of the waters round,
 And the birds' farewell on their flight away :
 And I stand and think of the distant sea,
 And my sad heart asks as they sing above,
 Will they say to thee, as they say to me,
 That 'tis hard to part with the things we love ?

7.—FIRST AND FUNDAMENTAL TRUTHS.¹

No writer probably has done more to help on the reaction which we have beheld against Mill's teaching, than Dr. McCosh. "This work," he tells us in his Preface, "may be regarded as the cope-stone of what I have been able to do in philosophy." The edifice thus complete is a sound structure of moderate realism, substantially in keeping with that taught in the Catholic schools. The author "holds resolutely" that the mind, in its intelligent acts, starts with a cognition of things, not of mere subjective states of conscience; and that thus, and thus only, is the knowledge of objective realities within our reach. This intuitive theory he well sustains against sceptics of all grades.

The great solvent usually applied to Realism, the doctrine of the relativity of knowledge, is thus dealt with by Dr. McCosh:

There is evidently a true doctrine of relativity, if only we could express it accurately. It should be admitted: (1) That man knows only so far as he has the faculties of knowledge; (2) that he knows objects only under aspects presented to his faculties; and (3) that his faculties are limited, and consequently his knowledge limited, so that not only does he not know all objects, he does not know all about any one object. It may further be allowed: (4) That in perception by the senses, we know external objects in a relation to the perceiving mind. But while these views can be established in opposition to the philosophy of the absolute, it should ever be resolutely maintained on the other hand: (1) That we know the very thing; and (2) that our knowledge is correct so far as it goes. We admit a subtle scepticism when we allow, with Kant, that we do not know the thing itself, but merely a phenomenon in the sense of appearance; or, with Hamilton, that we perceive merely the relations of things. (p. 32.)

The following remarks, too, are valuable and characteristic.

And who will venture to make intelligible to a modern mind—even to a Teutonic mind, the arguments by which Parmenides and Zeno prove that Being is one, and the impossibility of Non-Being? . . . The grand error of all these disputations arises from those who conduct them imagining that pure truth lies at the bottom of the well, whereas it is at the surface; and in going past the pure waters at the top, they have only gone down into mud and stirred up mire. We are *knowing*, and knowing *being*, at every waking hour of our existence, and all that the philosopher can do is to observe them, to separate each from the other, and from all with which it is associated, and to give it a right

First and Fundamental Truths, being a treatise on Metaphysics. By James McCosh, D.D., LL.D., Litt. D. London: Macmillan, 1889.

expression. But the ancient Greeks, followed by modern metaphysicians, imagined that they could do more, and so have done infinitely less. They have tried to get a more stable foundation for what rests on itself, and so have made that insecure which is felt to be stable. They have laboured to make that clearer which is already clear, and have thus darkened the subject by assertions which have no meaning. They have explained what might be used to explain other truths, but which itself neither requires nor admits of explanation, and so have only landed and lost themselves in distractions which proceed on no differences in the nature of things, and in mysteries of their own creation. (p. 294.)

The work is so divided that the same subject recurs more than once under only a slight modification of aspect. Similar repetition is noticeable in the *Summa* of St. Thomas. The explanation, we take it, is that the written text represents lectures orally delivered. Every lecturer is under the necessity of repeating himself to maintain the continuity of his course, which would otherwise become fragmentary and unintelligible. The same ground of justifiable repetition exists in a book, that needs to be read slowly, a little each day. The aspirant to philosophy generally, and many a high, air-treading professor of the sublime science, would be the better for such a daily perusal of Dr. McCosh.

8.—THE SHAN VAN VOCHT. A STORY OF '98.¹

Though disposed, for reasons to be shown presently, to take exception to the heading wherewith Mr. Murphy introduces his tale to the public notice, we can recommend this novel as a faithful and sympathetic record of the realities, amenities, and of the seamy side too of Irish life, in the stirring years that preceded the Union. The time chosen for the chequered scenes of the narrative prepares the reader for its many powerfully rendered and tragic moments, while the sense of danger and of impending calamity is ably, not to say wonderfully, conveyed throughout the volume, until we are relieved by its happy ending. The opening scene of the drama is laid in the kitchen of Seamore House, on the road from Dublin to Dunleary, as Kingstown was called, ere George "the Magnificent" had set his royal foot on Irish soil. A mixed company of friends,

¹ *The Shan van Vocht* (Seanbhean bhocht, "The poor old woman"). A Story of '98. By James Murphy. Dublin: M. H. Gill and Son, 1889.

domestics, and dependents are enjoying the sports of Hallowe'en Eve. In a playful mood, the young mistress of the mansion, Helen Barrington, the heroine of the tale, suggests to her lady guests the usual trick of hanging their gloves out of window, to see by whom of the male visitors then expected they would be taken, for whoever did was the destined husband of the owner. They are all but deterred by the old housekeeper, whose affectionate solicitude for the family is excellently pictured. Her Cassandra-like warnings fall on heedless ears, only to receive what to all seeming was a speedy and striking fulfilment. Eugène Lefèvre, a distant relative, puts in a sudden and wholly unexpected appearance, holding Helen's glove in his hand, to the no slight alarm of that lady, who, under the circumstances described in the story, might well be excused for not recognizing him. Shortly after, Sir Mortimer Trevor, holding a high position in Dublin Castle, Helen's betrothed lover, is borne in bleeding from a wound inflicted by an unseen hand, with a dagger which Eugène, the hero of the story, acknowledges to be his own. Trevor's charms of manner and speech, as described by the author, but ill prepare us for the part he is to play as the villain of the plot. His mishap entails a long convalescence in the home of his affianced bride, which affords opportunities of overhearing—accidentally, of course—confidences passing between her and Eugène, and of tampering, as it afterwards appears, with an important missive addressed to the latter. Spurred on by jealousy and armed with the information thus surreptitiously obtained, he follows Eugène to Dublin, whither the latter went to confer with the leaders of the ill-starred movement of '98. Before starting, Trevor makes an appointment with the brother of his *fiancée* to meet him in town and to drive home with him. Young Barrington is spirited away, to the intense agony of his sister. Eugène, on his way to France to countermand the destination of the fleet which the Directory was to send to aid the insurrection, is captured and kept a close prisoner on board an English man-of-war. He effects his escape, and lands just in time to save a victim of Trevor's murderous brutality (depicted on the wrapper), and to discover that, though still married, he had persuaded Miss Barrington to bestow her hand and fortune on him.

The *Shan van Vocht* is none other but a withered fortune-teller in Trevor's pay, but beyond putting the soldiers on

Eugène's track, her *rôle* is quite secondary, and would hardly have been missed. Having led the reader thus far, we leave him to discover for himself how the requirements of dramatic justice were satisfied, and to follow the fortunes of the hero on flood and field, until he settles down in wedded happiness at Seamore. As was to be expected in "a tale of '98," we are brought into close contact with men whose names are still "household words" in Ireland—

They fell and passed away !

Without rising to the level of the historical novelist, the author's observations on the events of that period, and the opinions uttered by his *dramatis personæ*, may well claim attention. If, as we take it, this is his first attempt, it is no slight achievement. We put down his book with mingled feelings. Gratitude to Mr. Murphy for the thrilling interest of his tale blends with sadness caused by many portions of the story that he tells.

Literary Record.

I.—BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS.

THE *Fioretti*¹ of St. Francis is one of those books that is ever old and ever new, like the *Imitation of Christ* and the *Confessions of St. Augustine* and the *Spiritual Exercises of St. Ignatius*. We read and re-read it, and it ever presents fresh beauties and new lessons of sanctity. There breathes throughout it an odour of sweetness which of itself declares the writer of it to have been a Saint. As Cardinal Manning remarks of it in a Preface to the present edition: "The mind that wrote the *Little Flowers of St. Francis* was so full of the Divine world and will that everything was seen and read as the work of God." His Eminence goes on to say that "the pious affections of faith may have reached into the region of innocent credulity. The penance of the wolf of Gubbio may have been the conversion of some malefactor who laid Umbria waste, or a devout belief in the dominion of faith over creatures." We should be interested to know whether the modern sons of Francis would admit this allegorical interpretation of the Saint's words.

Messrs. Benziger have published a *Calendar of the Society of Jesus, for the use of the Faithful*,² which will be very acceptable to those who admire the spirit of the sons of St. Ignatius. It gives a brief account of all the Saints and Blessed of the Society on the days when their feasts are kept, and is compiled by one of the leading Fathers of the Maryland Province. The Very Rev. Father General has written a letter strongly commending its publication, and we hope that it will be in the hands of all English-speaking Catholics who desire to know something about Jesuit Saints. Mention is made of other feasts which the Society is permitted to celebrate, and two female Saints. Blessed

¹ *The Little Flowers of St. Francis of Assisi.* Edited by the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster. Third Edition. Burns and Oates.

² *Calendar of the Society of Jesus, for the use of the Faithful.* New York, &c.: Benziger Brothers.

Margaret Mary Alacoque and Blessed Mary Ann of Jesus, the Rose of Quito, are made exceptions to the rule announced at the commencement of the book, that feasts celebrated by the Society, but not of its own members, are simply mentioned. It would be well in a future edition to state that of these two some further notice is given simply on account of their having been under the continual direction of Fathers of the Society. Otherwise it will naturally be concluded that there are Jesuit women, and the Protestant fiction will be apparently confirmed by a work written by a Jesuit. The summary of the lives is excellent, and we hope will increase the interest taken in the Saints of the Society.

Most of our readers have heard of St. Etheldreda's Church in Ely Place, London, rescued from the hands of the foe and restored to Catholic worship ten years since. But comparatively few know who St. Etheldreda was, or are acquainted with the interesting details of the history of the church, or of the curious crypt of St. Bridget within. To all such we recommend a little book¹ respecting these subjects lately published by Messrs. Burns and Oates. The writer visited the church a year or so since, and studied it very carefully and minutely. The Rector of the church, who solemnly reconciled it, furnished his visitor with all necessary information. Among the changes the removal of the lion and the unicorn from over the communion-table was of course necessary. This was a source of great satisfaction to one of the faithful to whom the job was entrusted.

Before I reconciled the Church [said the Rector], I remember giving immense pleasure to a good Irish labourer who worked for me. "Burke," said I, "go into the church and remove the Royal Arms." "Indeed, it's myself is the proud man to-day," he said, as he came out, bearing the heavy oak carved lion and unicorn, relics of the Royal Supremacy, festooned with the dust and cobwebs of nearly two centuries. "There," as he set it down, "that's the finest job of work I ever did, and I won't forget it to my dying day, glory be to God."

This little book will be found most useful to all who visit St. Etheldreda's most interesting church.

In most women's lives a time comes when they are called upon to take the post of nurse in a sick-room, and few, it is to be feared, are found prepared for this duty. Anything, therefore, that will help them to fit themselves for it is welcome, for it is

¹ *St. Etheldreda's and Old London.* By a Pilgrim from New York to Old Rome. London: Burns and Oates.

impossible to overrate the importance of good nursing, whether in the case of accident or illness, or foretell the fatal consequences that may result from the mistakes of ignorant, though well-meant effort. Miss Dobrée's *Manual of Home Nursing*¹ contains in a brief compass a fund of sound practical counsel and instruction for the benefit of those who are untrained or inexperienced in nursing. We heartily recommend the perusal of this valuable little book to women of all classes and conditions of life, as the information they will derive from it is sure to prove useful to them sooner or later. It is written in a clear and interesting manner, and will be of the greatest assistance to the amateur nurse, whether she has to bind up a sprain, or tend a fever.

The various lives of Jesuit Saints and Martyrs published by the Catholic Truth Society have been collected into a single volume,² very suitable for a present or a prize in our Catholic schools. It contains lives of St. Ignatius, St. Francis Xavier, St. Peter Claver, Blessed Edmund Campion, and many other of the illustrious men of the Society, who have left behind them a name worthy of benediction. The book is neatly bound, and we heartily recommend it to all who would like to obtain a closer knowledge of the characteristics of Jesuit life.

Father Clarke has brought out in good time another of those little meditation books³ with which we are being gradually provided for every month and season of the year. The present issue is for the season of Advent, and treats of the Great Truths, the End of Man's Creation, Death, Judgment, Heaven, and Hell. We hope that this little book may find the same favour with English-speaking Catholics that the other little books written by him have already met with.

We cannot do more than just allude in our present number to the handsome volume in which Mr. Lewis has united a Life of St. John of the Cross with his celebrated ascetical treatise entitled *The Ascent of Mount Carmel*.⁴ We hope ere long to devote an article to the Carmelite spirit as manifested in the *Life of St. Teresa*, lately reprinted by the St. Anselm's Society, and the *Life and Writings of St. John of the Cross*; but at

¹ *A Manual of Home Nursing*. By Louisa Emily Dobrée. London: Swan Sonnenschein and Co., 1889.

² *Jesuit Biographies*. Vol. I. London: Catholic Truth Society.

³ *The Great Truths*. By R. F. Clarke, S.J. London: Catholic Truth Society.

⁴ *The Ascent of Mount Carmel by St. John of the Cross*. Translated from the Spanish, with a Life of the Saint. By David Lewis, M.A. Second Edition, revised. London: F. Baker, Soho.

least we must call the attention of our readers to this standard book of spiritual reading, and to the Life of that Saint who so well deserved his title of St. John of the Cross.

If any one desires to beguile a tedious hour by the perusal of a sensational story which will cause the hour to pass as if a few minutes, let him invest a shilling on Mr. Fletcher's *Andrewlina*.¹ The interest is thrilling, the style good, and the general tone irreproachable. The reader has the happiness of seeing poetical justice done at last. The villain meets his due reward, and those who live happily ever after arrive at their final happiness by a series of *dénouements* quite unexpected, and through a series of tragic scenes well imagined and excellently painted. There is withal a vein of humour throughout which sets off the tragic side of the story. We will not even hint at the plot. We will only congratulate Mr. Fletcher on its ingenuity and hope that in these days when sensational stories are often pernicious, so harmless, and yet so wondrous a story may be widely read, and may have many successors from his clever pen.

The Catholic Publication Society of New York have taken time by the forelock in issuing early in the month of October their Annual for 1890.² It is well got up, well illustrated, and the contents are varied and well chosen. It contains biographies of Archbishop Ullathorne, Father Damien, Mgr. Corcoran, Father Thiry, S.J., who is honoured with the title of the "Curé d'Ars of New York," Father Hecker, C.S.P., Mr. P. V. Hickey, the late Editor of the *Catholic Review*, Fra Agostino, Kathleen O'Meara, &c., besides sketches and descriptions of the Catholic University, Bruce Castle in Antrim, Kelso Abbey, &c.

The readers of THE MONTH who have followed with interest the story of *Olympias*³ through the course of its publication as a serial in our pages, will be glad to hear that it has been republished in a separate volume by Messrs. Remington. Amidst the hundreds of modern and domestic novels that pour forth from the press of the present day, a historical story which puts before the reader a page of history not generally known, and does so in interesting and attractive form, is a very welcome change, and especially when the writer can give life to his

¹ *Andrewlina*. A Novel. By J. S. Fletcher. London: Kegan Paul and Co.

² *The Catholic Family Annual for 1890*. New York: Catholic Publication Society.

³ *Olympias*. By T. Sparrow. London: Remington, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden.

characters and vividness to the scenes he paints. Olympias and the Emperor Alexius and Anne Comnena are historical characters, to which the author of *Olympias* gives life and reality. The memory of them will remain long after the story has been finished, and we hope that there will be many who will purchase the elegant little volume, which will at the same time both instruct and interest them.

II.—MAGAZINES.

The *Stimmen aus Maria-Laach* for September gives a brief obituary notice of Father Pachtler, S.J., who died on the 12th of August. His name is familiar to the readers of the *Stimmen*, as he was a frequent and valued contributor to its pages, and one of its first editors. Father v. Hammerstein comments on the unwise policy of the Prussian Government in prohibiting their Polish subjects from receiving instruction in their own language, as the suppression of their mother-tongue is sure to promote discontent and disloyalty. The conduct of the Government in regard to the teaching of the Catholic religion is no less tyrannical. Not in Poland alone, but wherever it holds sway, no pains are spared to eliminate religion from the schools, and to place Catholics at a disadvantage. *Liebfrauensommer*—the season when the piety of continental Catholics exhibits itself by pilgrimages to shrines of our Lady—is the title of one of Father Meschler's poetic and attractive articles. In it he stimulates devotion to Mary, showing it to be one of the fundamentals of our faith, a powerful incentive to virtue, one of the chief means of grace. From the pen of Father Beissel we have the abstract of a MS. which throws light on the condition of society in the middle ages, the *Codex picturatus* of the town of Cracow. It contains the rules and regulations of the crafts and trade corporations of the city. The account of a miracle which occurred in Northern Africa during the persecution of the Vandals, authenticated by the testimony of various historians, will be read with interest. A description in prose and verse by Father Baumgartner of the picturesque Fiord of Christiana closes the list of articles.

The current number of the *Katholik* gives the pastoral letter of the united Archbishops and Bishops of Prussia,

assembled in Fulda during the month of August. It speaks with gratitude of the grounds of consolation afforded to the Church in Germany in her time of trial and conflict, and with sorrow of the many evils and dangers which surround and threaten her. In it the principal charges brought against the doctrine of the Catholic Church in the present day are answered in forcible and yet moderate language. The recent Encyclical of the Holy Father in reference to the observance of October, is also explained and commented on by the *Katholik*. A rather long article is devoted to the history of Catholics in England under James the First. The circumstances and events of this period are well known to the English reader through Father Morris's work on the subject, from which, as well as from Garnet's history, the German writer draws largely. Some details concerning the translation of the relics of several early Roman martyrs from Rome to various cathedral and monastic churches in Germany, during the time of the Carolingians, are interesting as evidence of the excellent relations subsisting between the Holy See and the kingdom of the Franks, from the earliest times of their conversion. The review of the *Manuale Curatorum* is continued. The results of the meeting of German Catholics, held this year at Bochum, are spoken of as matter for congratulation. The most important are the formation of a union of school-teachers to promote the interests of Catholic education, and the encouragement given to Workmen's Christian Associations as a means of combating the inroads of Socialistic principles in the present day.

The recurrence of the anniversary of the breach of the *Porta Pia* leads the *Civiltà Cattolica* (942) to inquire how it is that the expectation of the Liberals in regard to the suppression of the Papacy and the amelioration of Italy, are, after the lapse of nineteen years, as far as ever from being realized. A new serial story, entitled: "Lucilla, an Episode in the Reign of Terror," is commenced in the number before us. The celebration of the centenary of the Revolution has elicited abundant comment from writers in this and other periodicals on the public events of that disastrous period, and their fatal consequences for society in general; this narrative proposes to exhibit their sad effect on the private life of individuals. The examination and refutation of the errors propounded by Professor Civiletti in regard to the creation of man, and the infusion into the human body of a living

soul, is continued. In the following numbers of the *Civiltà* (943, 944), a book is reviewed of no small importance in the present state of religion in Italy. It is by a Genoese priest, who, carried away by the false philosophy of modern times, lost the faith, and became one of the leaders of rationalistic thought, publishing his pernicious writings under the assumed name of Ausonio Franchi. Now, happily for himself and for others, he is reconciled to the Church, and in his last publication *l'Ultima critica*, he not only makes an ample recantation of, but fully refutes the anti-Christian doctrines he has been instrumental in disseminating. The treatise on the medico-physiological view of the stigmata is continued, with the object of proving that the explanation of the phenomena of stigmatism is not to be found, as some allege, in hypnotism. The question raised by some writers and statesmen as to what will be the condition of Europe in the course of fifty or a hundred years, if her population continues to increase at the present rapid rate, is discussed in the *Civiltà*. It reminds the reader that conjectures on this point are futile, since the future is in the hands of God; meanwhile if all things go on as at present, they will proceed from bad to worse, and increasing moral deterioration, social degradation, and financial embarrassment of the nations may be confidently predicted. The archæological notes treat of the doctrine and discipline of the primitive Church in regard to catechumens and penitents. The natural science notes consider three drawbacks to the culture of the vine in Italy, the ravages of the *penospera*, of the *phylloxera*, and the difficulties that have arisen connected with the importation of Italian wines into France. The merits and demerits of the new smokeless gunpowder are also discussed.

In the opening article of the *Études* for October, Father Forbes speaks of the four great factors in the moral and material ruin of family life in France: civil marriage, the laws regarding seduction, the laws of succession, divorce. He enlarges principally on the third of these elements of dissolution, especially pernicious in the lower strata of society, the compulsory division of property, decreed by the *Code civil*. The second instalment appears of the Manners of the Middle Ages. It is pleasant to read of the simple earnest faith and devotion shown by yearly pilgrimages on foot to famous shrines; of the strictness wherewith religious festivals were observed by high

and low ; of the harmless amusements and diversions heartily entered into at that period. Corruption and vice were of course not absent, but the moral tone was healthy, and evil, where it existed, was recognized as evil. Father de Bonniot discusses the *Examen de Conscience Philosophique* lately published by M. Renan, wherein he enunciates his opinions, and describes the progress by which those opinions, by him styled truths, have taken shape in his mind. The result of his speculations are vague and illogical, and it hardly needs a man of Father de Bonniot's known ability to show that the two elements of his philosophy, "certainly" and "perhaps," are the one falsity, the other nonsense. The principal editions through which Bossuet's sermons have passed, form the topic of another article. The time and chronology of these famous orations has been matter of much research, and various essays on the subject have appeared from time to time. A new edition, by M. l'Abbé Lebarq, arranges them in the order in which they were delivered, and elucidates many obscure points, on which careful study of the MSS. enables him to speak with exactitude and precision. We must also mention an interesting account of a visit to the ruins of Thebes, and the short review of a lengthy work, a History of the Jesuit College Henri IV., in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, the publication of which is most opportune at a moment when inquiry concerning the educational system of bygone times is in the order of the day.

